CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

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MAY, 1938

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YES, PERFIDIOUS ALBION

AN ENGLISHMAN'S SMASHING INDICTMENT OF HIS OWN COUNTRY'S FOREIGN POLICY

BRITISH foreign policy for a century and a half has been chasing a mirage called the Balance of Power. Few British subjects could define the phrase. Few British statesmen understand it. But roughly the policy implies British support for the weaker powers in Europe against the stronger, and the consequent division of Europe into two equally balanced camps with Britain as arbiter, ready in theory to weigh down the scales if the balance shifts and the weaker powers catch up in strength.

The Balance of Power policy came into operation first against Napoleon. When the military power of France had been broken, Russia became the arch enemy of Britain and remained so right through the 19th century and well into the 20th. England snubbed Napoleon III, and followed Carlyle, that gruff and surly prophet of Victorian commercial individualism, in his admiration for Prussia, only to regard the evolution of the Prussian military spirit with a horror cynically appropriate to a maritime and non-continental nation.

Toward the end of the 19th century Great Britain had scarcely a friend in the world. France jeered at Anglo-Saxon greed and hypocrisy. Germany under her megalomaniac ruler was building a fleet, a great merchant marine and a miniature colonial empire.

Russia conspired against Great Britain in the Near and Far East, in India and Persia, and fixed her eyes anxiously on Constantinople. Great Britain, isolated in a resentful and hostile world, at war with frontiersmen in India and Afghanistan and with Boer farmers and primitive warrior tribes in Africa, fought back at her rivals and enemies with the traditional diplomatic weapon—the Balance of Power.

In Europe Britain attempted to buy off Germany's growing commercial and naval rivalry with the offer of an alliance which would isolate France from her ally Russia.

In the Far East British diplomacy sought to counter the intrigues of Czarist Russia by encouraging the economic, military and naval development of Japan. Modern Japanese Imperialism is largely of British creation.

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The strength of the Balance of Power policy—and also its fatal weakness—lay in its infinite flexibility. Nominally it left Great Britain full freedom to choose her allies when the fateful day arrived. Actually, of course, the choice of Britain was predetermined by events. The course of history forced her hand when the curtain rose on the World War of August, 1914.

And the only result of her refusal to enter into any entangling alliances and to declare her intentions in advance—a refusal due to stubborn Anglo-Saxon disdain for the hypothetical reasoning dear to the Latins—was to leave Germany and Austria not only in the dark as to Britain's real policy but also to cheat them into a fatal delusion that Britain would not go to war to save France and Belgium from destruction.

The World War of 1914-18 ended, as the European War of 1805-15 ended, in the collapse of the strongest military combination on the continent of Europe. With the defeat of the Central Powers in 1918, and even before the Paris Peace Conference opened, Great Britain had withdrawn from her wartime alliances and had returned to the old insular Balance of Power policy. British diplomacy was sent into action on two fronts—the European and the Asiatic.

Even before the ink was dry on the Treaty of Versailles, a powerful campaign began in England to revise that treaty in favor of the defeated powers. Germany was openly and secretly encouraged to resist the die-hard nationalism of France. Austria and Hungary were supported almost openly against their newly created or newly aggrandized neighbors Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. Poland and the Baltic States became diving boards for British diplomatic and economic activities against both France and Soviet Russia.

In the meantime Japan, with British encouragement and financial aid, was steadily consolidating her power in the Far East, and was accomplishing the moral and economic disintegration of China. China was deliberately used by Great Britain to serve as a buffer between Russian communism and Japanese imperialism.

In western Europe the first of the dictators had appeared on the international scene, and had been promptly recruited as a British ally. Mussolini, master of Italy since the end of 1922, had been bribed by loans from London bankers and slices of territory to become a docile supporter of England in the new struggle to maintain a European equilibrium. Britain regarded with equanimity and even with sympathy Mussolini's claim to naval parity with France. Italy's coolness to France and open hostility to Jugoslavia were considered as useful checks on France.

The policy of combating French postwar policy and the French system of defensive alliances continued almost openly. England and Italy opposed

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the French occupation of the Ruhr, and secretly sympathized with Germany's resistance. England listened in cynical disbelief to France's reports of the rise of German nationalism, the growing menace of Hitler, and the extent of Germany's secret re-armament. The tradition of British perfidy grew steadily in the years between 1918 and 1925.

In the latter year, however, British diplomacy seemed too ready to concede a New Deal. The Balance of Power policy was temporarily shelved in favor of a new method called Collective Security. The comedy of a formal Franco-German reconciliation was staged at Locarno, with Great Britain holding the new Peace infant at the font as complacent godmother, and Mussolini, tongue in cheek, standing by with the bottle of holy water. At Locarno, England and Italy became the joint guarantors of Franco-German peace and the inviolability of the Rhine frontiers. But France's allies, Czechoslovakia and Poland, both directly interested in Germany because of their common frontiers, were significantly excluded from the guarantee. The destruction of France's diplomatic defenses was the price of England's blessing on Franco-German reconciliation.

In 1926, three years after an Austrian wearing a shabby raincoat and a Charlie Chaplin mustache, shrilly denouncing Jews and Marxists, had made his bow to history in a Munich beerhall, Germany entered the League of Nations and parents and sponsors of the newly christened Locarno infant made whoopee together at Geneva. For the time being the Balance of Power tradition was at a heavy discount. The Liberals and the League of Nations idealists held the stage. Germany's protestations of peace and good will were accepted at their face value. France's doubts and skepticism were silenced by the greater clamor of French optimism and French hope. Great Britain settled down to the complacent contemplation of a long period of peace and prosperity. In Rome and Moscow and Munich alone the dictators or dictators in embryo watched the Geneva drama in cynical disbelief and derision.

The era of open diplomacy had begun with a vengeance. The poker table of the secret diplomatists was transformed into a lectern and a microphone. The saber rattling of the generals of the Foch and Poincaré era was drowned in the more formidable rattle of the typewriters of the Geneva correspondents.

Yet the change of policy was more superficial than real. The obsession of the Balance of Power continued to dominate the minds of British statesmen and diplomats. The only difference between the new Balance of Power diplomacy and the old was that the Balance of Power principle had now become a weak and infinitely dangerous reed upon which to support a great empire. It had ceased to be an effective instrument for the good rea-

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son that the hands which wielded it were no longer powerful. British naval, aerial and military disarmament had been sincere and thorough, if her diplomacy had not. Great Britain was virtually disarmed in a world in which unpredictable forces were rising and arming. Her prestige was still great, but it was destined to be shaken if not entirely shattered at the first brutal challenge.

That challenge came in 1932, with the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. It was repeated in 1935, with the German reintroduction of conscription and remilitarization of the Rhineland in defiance of the Versailles and Locarno Treaties. It reached a dramatic crescendo in 1936, with the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and Mussolini's threat to Britain in the Mediterranean. It is today again reiterated by the undeclared Japanese war on China, the insults and provocations to British nationals in the Far East, the insolent intervention of Germany and Italy in Spain, and the annexation of Austria.

The Balance of Power policy, so far from preserving the peace of the world and the prosperity of the British Empire, destroyed the one and imperiled the other in 1914. Today it threatens not only to plunge the world into a new war, but also to destroy Great Britain and with her the other European democracies.

Today the British Balance of Power policy is reaping the result of its own blindness to political realities. Great Britain is no longer in a position to arbitrate in Europe as an independent and neutral state above the battle. She has become, willingly or unwillingly, an active participant in the struggle.

Not only has she lost her geographical and strategical isolation. At the moment she is not sufficiently powerful to deter the strong combination of powers arrayed against her. Her past policy of encouraging Japan and Poland against Russia, Germany and Italy against France, has at last rebounded on her own head. The weaker powers of the immediate postwar years have now become the stronger, and far from cherishing any gratitude for their temporary ally and supporter, they are now possessed by an equal and fervent hatred of her.

The situation is even more dangerous for England than the British will admit. Now, as in 1914, the power most bitterly hated and feared by Germany is not France but Great Britain. Italy has ceased to be a friend to Britain, and is now for the first time in her history a rival and potential enemy in the Mediterranean and in the Near East. And Japan, the friend, protégé and ally of England during the first quarter of the 20th century, now openly and aggressively challenges British power in the Far East.

Three world powers are thus directly arrayed, actively as well as potentially, against the democratic states in general and against Great

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Britain in particular. Yet even now Great Britain is not only blind to her peril, but even if she were to acknowledge it she would still refuse to take the necessary steps to counter it.

For the necessary steps would include the renunciation of the Balance of Power, source and inspiration of the British reputation for perfidy in international affairs, and the frank reconstitution of the alliances of the World War of 1914-1918. In combination, Great Britain, France and Russia, with the co-operation of Czechoslovakia, are probably more than a match for the three Fascist dictatorships, Italy, Germany and Japan.

But Conservative England refuses to be saved from destruction by Soviet Russia, even though so redoubtable a former anti-bolshevik as Winston Churchill has gone on record in favor of an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance. Moreover she still insists on her complete liberty of action, even if such liberty is manifestly illusory. She will not go into any combination of powers which she cannot dominate as completely as she dominated the Grand Alliance of Pitt against Napoleon.

The last World War brought about a temporary if inevitable departure from the Balance of Power policy, and the principle of sacred egoism which had inspired British policy since Napoleonic times. The Balance of Power policy implies non-involvement in any military alliance in peacetime. It insists on England's complete liberty of action even after war has been declared. It leaves England free, in theory, to intervene on either belligerent side at her own choice. It rests on the naïve belief that Britain is aloof from the battle-field and can permanently remain free to choose her partners and the time and conditions of her intervention.

After a century and a half of trial and failure it is still the dominant principle of British diplomacy. But its exponents fail to realize three cardinal truths—*that Great Britain is no longer, strategically, an island; that she is in even greater need of allies than her allies are in need of her; and that she can no longer dictate the hour and the field of battle.*

—ANONYMOUS

BIGELOW IS ANGRY

Bigelow is angry at Congress.
They won't let him make his Fat-Reducer any more.
It never harmed any one.
It was water—colored with tomatoes.
It gave work to five thousand people.
It gave hope to ten million whales.

—OTTO S. MAYER

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THE QUESTION OF ABORTION

HAVE WE YET REACHED A STAGE OF CIVILIZATION WHERE IT IS POSSIBLE TO RIGHT THIS WRONG?

THOUSANDS of unnecessary deaths every year, homes destroyed, lives physically ruined, mental calamity without end, as well as a "moral pall," as it has been termed, cast over the relations of doctors and their patients —that is what we witness today even in those countries which consider themselves the most "civilized."

Imagine a visitor from Mars arriving and surveying this scene. Would he not ask why law had not stopped this easily preventable state of things? And imagine his astonished horror when he found not only that the law was not so invoked, but that this unnecessary human misery was absolutely and entirely due to laws!

We might not agree with him, but we could well understand if he reached the conclusion that this strange planet was ruled by beings on Earth termed "devils."

Among some savage peoples, abortion has not been found, or is difficult to trace. Among most it exists, and among many it is common, from various motives, whether by unmarried girls to avoid discredit, by married women who already have as many children (two most frequently) as they desire, or for other reasons. The methods adopted are either the use of drugs, many of which often prove as ineffectual as in civilization, or vigorous manipulation, and sometimes instruments. There are often skilled women specialists to carry out the frequently very painful proceeding. Ploss and Bartels in their great treasury of anthropological facts, *Woman*, give full details, and they hold that artificial abortion is a universal phenomenon which can never be suppressed, nor indeed should be, since it is socially beneficial, even if merely on the ground that "the future belongs to the nation which puts quality of population before quantity."

Among the Jews and the Persians and in the Hindu laws of Manu, abortion was prohibited, however little effect this injunction had among the general population. But among the Greeks and Romans it was permitted and often common. Both Aristotle and Plato accepted it.

The early Germans and various other European peoples practiced abortion. But in the Christian Church

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an opinion hostile to abortion gradually developed and became embodied in Canon Law. With the spread of Christianity artificial abortion and even the attempt to induce it became a sin, and eventually a crime, throughout Europe. In practice it continued as ever, but below the surface and with infinite mischief to an untold number of women: endless anxiety, the constantly occurring deaths of, as we can all bear witness, often fine and promising lives, to say nothing of the vast number of constitutions ruined for the rest of life. There was enough science in the world to prevent it, but those who knew were held back by fear of laws based on a dead and inhuman superstition. So that, as one distinguished obstetrician has recently put it, medical practitioners have "thrown to the lions" the women who implored their help, sending them not only to probable loss of health but often to death. It is only within the last fifty years that a new movement of what has been called "scientific humanism" has sprung up, not without—at last!—some support from the finest members of the medical profession who best know what is at stake.

Today, on the one hand, to procure abortion is a criminal offense which the law punishes in the severest manner. In most of the United States resort to abortion is punishable under any circumstances, except when the life of the pregnant woman is threatened. In England, for a doctor to perform an abortion, except when the mother's life is threatened, is a criminal offense which may be punished by penal servitude for life: even to aid in such an attempt is a misdemeanor punishable by penal servitude for three years.

Yet, on the other hand, what in real life do we find? We are concerned with a proceeding which is below the social surface, so that we cannot secure exact statistics. But there is no doubt as to the extreme frequency with which this law is disregarded. For the United States, where abortion has been said to be more common than in any other country, Pomeroy is even prepared to call it "pre-eminently the American sin." It may not be justifiable to call a "sin" what is so widely assumed to be natural and reasonable, while its prevalence in different countries is a question of degree, not easy to assess. But at all events Taussig estimates the total annual number of abortions in the States as about 700,000 with an annual total of over 8,000 deaths, most of them due to illegal interference. As regards Great Britain and other European countries, even when no figures are hazarded, criminal abortion is everywhere found to be common, and everywhere there appear to be more or less unskilled "midwives" willing to perform it. It is stated that a prominent Birmingham gynecologist questioned 3,000 consecutive women patients at the hospital and found that thirty-five per cent admitted quite freely to at least one "criminal" abortion.

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But that is not the whole of the question. Theft is common, but most of us admit that it is wrong, if not a "sin." The punishment for abortion is graver than for theft, yet few people, certainly few women, regard it as wrong. Every doctor receives visits from pregnant women who ask him to bring their condition to an end, without seeming to realize that they are inviting him to risk spending the rest of his life in prison. Every village in the land holds pregnant women who, without the slightest hesitation, obtain unwholesome drugs, which destroy their health and perhaps that of the offspring they bear, in the frequently vain attempt to induce abortion. In England so dangerous a drug as lead is recklessly taken for this purpose.

An experienced physician, not himself of the younger generation, has stated that most doctors of the younger generation today believe that abortion is not always an evil act. There have indeed long been, as some of us know, occasional physicians even of repute, so tender-hearted and humanitarian, that they have been willing even at their own peril to break what they felt to be an evil and outworn law. How real is the peril is illustrated by the recent trial before the Lord Chief Justice at the Central Criminal Court of a properly qualified woman doctor who had had an honorable career, for performing abortions on five women, none of whom came to any harm. She claimed that she had done her professional duty as the women were already very ill when they reached her and had attempted to perform abortions on themselves; she had frequently been horrified at the reckless way in which women thus injured themselves. Medical testimony in her favor was brought forward, but the Lord Chief Justice passed a sentence of three years penal servitude; he added that the defendant had rendered herself liable to imprisonment for life.

The English law is, however, as has lately been from time to time pointed out, in a very unsatisfactory and even ambiguous condition. To procure abortion in Great Britain, is only legal when done to save the life of the mother and after the seventh month has passed. It is a mistake to suppose that it allows any consideration for the mother short of danger to life; the law is blind to all the anxiety, trouble, disease, and subsequent constitutional risks, short of danger to life, that pregnancy sometimes involves. Moreover, as Dr. Killick Millard has pointed out, the law in addition to its "preposterous severity," counts it "murder" if death follows, which is merely a "legal quibble," since there is nothing the operator is so anxious to avoid as the death of his patient.

At last we have reached a stage in our civilization when it is possible to face the situation. In some countries indeed, a vigorous opposition to these effete and mischievous laws was set up a considerable time back and sup-

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ported by medical and legal experts. In Russia practical progress became rapid as a result of the clean slate presented to the government after the Revolution of 1917. In Leningrad in one year (1933) 80,000 abortions were registered, and an English medical observer was much impressed by the dexterity and speed with which they were carried out. Unauthorized abortion remained a crime, and the new legislation proved an unqualified success. Maternal mortality and morbidity diminished, as also cases of uterine hemorrhage, while puerperal sepsis (of which the most virulent forms are due to abortive attempts) was also said to have decreased. The government is not, however, anxious to encourage abortion, and would prefer to spread a knowledge of birth control, instruction in which is compulsory on women who undergo abortion. Moreover, as increasing population is viewed with favor, of late important new statutes have been set up. Since May, 1936, abortion is prohibited even in hospitals, except when the continuation of pregnancy constitutes a danger to the life, or a threat to the health, of the patient.

In Great Britain, where the inability to regard abortion as a crime is almost universal among the general population, the demand for a change in the law is constantly becoming more outspoken. The Co-operative Women's Congress has passed a resolution calling upon the government to bring the abortion laws into harmony with modern conditions and ideas, thereby making abortion a legal operation to be carried out under the same conditions as any other operation and further demanding that women now suffering imprisonment for breaking these antiquated laws be amnestied.

Still more recently (1936) an Abortion Law Reform Association has been established in London under influential patronage to advocate amendment of the laws so that abortion shall be legal when performed by the medical profession and subject only to restrictions imposed by humanitarian and medical considerations. In connection with this Association a Medico-legal Consultative Committee is being formed. The question of abortion has from time to time been considered and discussed by the British Medical Association, as at the annual meeting at Oxford in July, 1936, on which occasion a distinguished surgeon admitted that, under existing conditions, he had at various times refrained from performing therapeutic abortion when the conditions indicated it, for fear of being considered an abortionist, with the result that the women died, and he knew this to be a frequent occurrence. But though leading obstetricians are in favor of a change in the law there are still wide differences of opinion among the profession generally, since the professional forces of conservatism and inertia are always strong.

In the United States there is no doubt that opinion favorable to change

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is rapidly gaining strength both in the medical profession and among the general public. Three years ago Dr. Rongy published a powerful plea, *Abortion: Legal or Illegal?* for such changes in the laws of the States as would admit of legal abortion under special conditions. More recently (1936) Professor Taussig of St. Louis, long an authority of this subject, has written, under the auspices of the National Committee on National Health, a work on *Abortion, Spontaneous and Induced, Medical and Social Aspects*, which is considered to be the most complete discussion of the subject in existence. He holds that the present illegal abortion in its varying degrees constitutes one of the gravest maternal problems of all the countries of which we have definite knowledge. He severely criticizes the laws of some states of the Union, "often confused in their wording and illogical in the penalties inflicted." But he believes that mass opinion in the United States is at last prepared for considerable changes in the laws.

That such is the case, and even among the representatives of religion, I have evidence in a letter received very recently from an American minister, writing to me on behalf of himself and his wife. They have three children; they must have no more; they are anxious to eliminate even the slightest shadow of a possible unwanted pregnancy. They know all there is to know about contraceptives, and they know their uncertainty. They desire that complete freedom in their relationship which would permit it to be a spiritual adventure. "At least," he declares, "we ought to have the assurance of available immediate and safe abortion, although we know that abortion is a threat to a woman's psychic nature, which tends to enfold lovingly."

Such a statement from a minister of religion is a significant sign of our times. There are indeed limits within which abortion is likely, as a rule, to be restrained. But Taussig is of the opinion that legal recognition should be given to any abortion performed by any regular practitioner of medicine, after consultation with another such practitioner to confirm the desirability of such abortion, provided it is performed in a licensed hospital and for the purpose of preserving the mother's life or health, or in cases of the physical depletion (which is a fairly elastic term) or the moral irresponsibility of the mother.

It is along such lines as these, though there are variations of method, that legal reform is slowly proceeding in some countries, especially of Northern Europe.

That is where the question stands today. There is here a wrong to be righted as even the opponent of abortion admits. It may be true that we live in an evil world. But, even at the worst, there are points at which we may today work hopefully, and leave that world a happier place than we found it. —HAVELOCK ELLIS

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WAS QUEEN BESS A MAN?

ADDING UP THE EVIDENCE THAT A MAN NAMED JOHN NEVILLE WAS ONCE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

ELIZABETH was born in 1533, the daughter of Henry VIII. In 1543 when Princess Elizabeth, heiress apparent to the British throne, was ten years old, the raging of the plague in and around London caused the royal household no little concern. Catherine Ashley, the governess of little Elizabeth, pleaded strenuously with the King to be permitted to take the child away from fever-stricken London into the pure air of Gloucestershire where, at a tiny village called Bisley, was located one of the King's numerous hunting lodges—still known as Overcourt Manor.

Permission granted, Elizabeth, in the care of Catherine Ashley and her official equerry or man-at-arms, Thomas Parry, went to Overcourt Manor probably in January, 1543. Some time between February 3, 1543 and July 31, 1544—a date conjectured by historical writers to be June, July or August, 1543—the Princess suddenly sickened and died overnight of the London Plague!

At the actual time of her death, Ashley and Parry were in receipt of news from Hampton Court that King Henry would arrive within the week. Consternation reigned supreme. For the fiery nature of the irascible monarch was well known to both the governess and the equerry—they realized only too well the executioner's block stared them in the face when it was learned that while under their care the Princess had died.

In a frenzy of excitement, and probably then motivated by but one thought—that of securing a breathing space in which they could escape to one of the seaports and then flee England with their own heads on their own shoulders—Ashley and Parry scoured the surrounding territory in the hope of being able to find a girl who could be successfully palmed off on the King as Elizabeth. They met with flat failure.

Desperate ills need desperate remedies—they practically kidnaped (and some rumor says they bought)—from a family named Neville, living in the village, a little ten-year-old boy, who was known as John Neville by his foster parents, but who is actually said to have been the natural son of the Duke of Richmond who, him-

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self being a member of the Tudor family, had passed on to his illegitimate offspring the Tudor lineaments.

There was no time to be lost. John Neville was taken to Overcourt Manor, dressed in the clothing of the dead little ten-year-old girl, and then trained, schooled and tutored into as many of the feminine arts and graces as could be crowded into an all too short twenty-four hours before the King should arrive.

The King arrived. The stage was set—the amazing drama had been rehearsed over and over and over again. In the main hall of Overcourt Manor there is, at the south end, a balcony reached by open stairs from the floor of the immense vaulted room, and from the balcony there are the doors to the various domestic chambers of the royal tenants and their immediate entourage.

John Neville, in the clothing of the dead little Princess, was led to the center of this landing, probably eighteen or twenty feet above the main hall floor, and there, to his majesty, "her" father, the pseudo Princess made an appropriate curtsey and shrilled, in a high treble voice (no different from that of a little girl) a filial welcome to the regal parent.

The king was satisfied. With thirty or forty feet of distance intervening between father and putative daughter, especially since no thought of deception had entered Henry's mind, it is easy to understand how successfully the substitution was effected. After all, Henry was only interested in women he could marry—he was "wife-minded," but not particularly overflowing with paternal affection.

Henry remained at Overcourt, hunting the wild boar, for a few days, exchanging balcony greetings at a safe distance from the substitute (a precaution admirably managed by Ashley and Parry) and then decided to return to London. Back to London he went with his retainers, and in the little village of Bisley, a masculine queen was being molded.

Two dates have been mentioned in this chronicle—February 3, 1543 and July 31, 1544. There are, still in existence in the archives of Great Britain, two letters bearing these dates in a childish script addressed to Elizabeth's step-mother, Catherine Parr, at Hampton Court—both from Overcourt Manor. These two letters are declared by unbiased graphologists to be in the handwriting of two different human beings.

The natural chirography of a child between the tenth and eleventh years may change in outline—true. But *character* doesn't change—certain inherent peculiarities persist, even though the writer be youthful; and here it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that each letter possesses outstanding scriptorial mannerisms differing from each other. The same hand did *not* write both letters, yet both letters are signed "Elizabeth."

In the one dated July 31, 1544, is

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the following quaint statement—"Our separation hath deprived me for an whole year of your most illustrious presence." Obviously all such correspondence was planned by Ashley and Parry.

In the fall of 1544, the pseudo Princess was brought to the London court, surrounded by the ever-watchful Ashley and Parry who, it can readily be imagined, must have lived in mortal dread of the deception being uncovered. Records show that Ashley was appointed principal lady in waiting to the supposed girl, while Parry became the keeper of the private household purse—two positions which insured their being able to keep inquisitive people at a distance.

What superb stage management must have been practiced by these two in the period between the substitution in 1543 and "her" accession to the throne in 1558! Fifteen years of never-ceasing vigilance!

In the meantime, it is a curious fact that, one by one, the entire household staff at Overcourt—attendants, scullions, cooks, maids, gardeners, huntsmen and other numerous retainers who infested all royal establishments in those days had, with one exception, been put to death upon various pretexts. It is evident that these wholesale assassinations were part of the plan conceived and executed by Ashley and Parry, this amazing pair of conspirators, to shut the mouths of any humans who might either know, or guess, the dread secret. And then we find another strange happening, borne out by later amplifying proofs—*some one knew the fraud!* Some one knew enough to blackmail Elizabeth, Ashley and Parry, and *that* someone (whose name does not come down to us) lived a prosperous, but probably troubled life, until about 1569 when suddenly the blackmail payments ceased.

Conjure up the picture for yourself—a dark alley, a clique of faithful retainers, a knife thrust between the ribs and that was that!

And so the man, John Neville, masquerading as Queen Elizabeth, furnishes at least some explanation for so many remarkable statements made about this mysterious ruler of the British people, which recur with tenacious obstinacy through all the contemporary and later histories in which her peculiarities are touched upon, or hinted at.

For instance, quoting Pierre Leti, an outstanding court histiographer of that period, we read this significant paragraph: "It do be well known at court that her most gracious majesty the queen do be monstrous hairy as to the face, and that her beard do have to be yclipped every day." Her majesty shaved regularly.

From equally reliable sources we know that she chewed tobacco and liked it, though we have no record that she smoked. She was also bald—it was a rare thing in those days, as now, for a woman to be bald. Certainly she wore a wig—not merely a

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wig to be in fashion with the then prevailing skyscraper effect, but a wig to hide the baldness of her head!

She rode horseback straddle like a man—then considered a most unwomanly and a most unqueenlike custom. In all her life, as history tells it, she was never attended by a doctor, not even by the court physician. Only Catherine Ashley and Thomas Parry were admitted to her presence when she was ill. Her voice was deep and masculine. Her features were coarse and unfeminine.

She never married, and significant in this connection is the statement in her own handwriting, quoted by Leti in his *Life of Elizabeth*, replying to a proposal of marriage between herself and one of the Continental princes: "I have not the slightest intention of being married (if ever I should think of it) which I do not believe is possible." Mark that last statement—"which I do not believe is possible!"

In her activities she possessed a dynamic energy and masculine powers which in those days of the "clinging vine" attitude of the female, were far enough removed from feminine life, customs and habits as to make her a weirdly outstanding figure in British history, apart from her royal birth.

Throughout all historical treatises, histories, records, documents, pamphlets and memoranda relating to her life and reign, there will be found a plethora of bizarre statements which justify question as to "her" sex.

Then again we find the following fragment of local historical gossip which persisted in Bisley and has been recorded as a fact. Quoting Stoker: "Some tens of years after 1543, the bones of a young girl, lying amid rags of fine clothing were found by a responsible churchman in a stone coffin in the garden at Overcourt outside the Princess' window." A coincidence, perhaps, but a strange one!

And don't forget that this "delicately fayre ladye Queene" had the punch of a prize fighter—not once but scores of times in intimate histories of her court demeanor and bearing will you be told that she was in the habit of giving offending courtiers and attendants blows with her open or clenched fist that drove the luckless victims the length of the council chamber or the dining hall.

When Good Queen Bess wanted a little ladylike excitement, she didn't sit in her chamber atop the castellated bastions doing needlework. She went pig-sticking or wild boar hunting in the grounds surrounding her palaces and hunting lodges.

Certainly if the story be true—and many, many hinted and actual facts seem to prove that it is—the world has been hoaxed for nearly four hundred years into believing that one of the greatest and most capable monarchs who ever reigned over a European kingdom was a woman. When as a matter of probable fact "she" was a man—John Neville—and a damned good man at that!

—Kenneth A. Millican

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WAR IS HELL, IT REALLY IS

BUT SHERMAN FORGOT TO ADD THAT DEATH HATH NO STING LIKE A MARTINI WITHOUT AN OLIVE

I THOUGHT I knew this war in China was a pretty monstrous thing until last night. I thought I realized what a bloody havoc has been the result of it. Now, however, it's easy to see I'd no idea what a shocking affair it actually must be, in spite of the things I've seen and heard. No, and I would never have guessed at all—if it hadn't been for that dinner party.

Of course, in Tientsin I saw where the bombs had dropped; I saw masses of crushed stone where buildings had been, an occasional stain on the pavement where pedestrians had fallen. And when I glanced down casually at the inky water one morning where something limp, and grey, and shapeless floated —that made the hair on the back of my neck feel funny, too. Still, the real horror of the war hadn't impressed me at all. . . .

It was my host who first suggested to me that it was not the Chinese who were the real sufferers of the war—but the Americans! To tell the truth, I hadn't thought much about the Americans before then—maybe it's because we're rather a courageous people, and no one's complained much. After all, as one lady explained later, we *are* in a country that isn't ours, and whatever we suffer we might as well take in silence. Because, in a way, we haven't any right to remain here when President Roosevelt has ordered us to evacuate. But that's a superficial way of looking at it, of course; no one could very well expect us to leave our business and our property, could they?

Anyway, when my host offered me a cocktail, he leaned down and whispered whimsically in my ear, "I'm afraid there's no olive in it. The Japanese have taken over the railroads to convey munitions and food supplies. So there are a number of things, like olives, that one will have to get used to doing without, I'm afraid."

That's all he said. He didn't complain, mind you. He just told me quietly and humorously that I couldn't expect an olive in my cocktail during a time like this. He looked neither pained nor resentful—just, possibly, a trifle resigned. Of course, I smiled right up at him and said I never cared for olives in martinis anyway: I wasn't going to hurt his pride further

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by letting him know that a martini sans olive is especially distasteful to me.

That was the first hint of what my fellow Americans were going through. The second came at dinner while we were tearing delicious little squabs apart. With a certain sense of shock I had noticed that one of the ladies present had come, not in evening dress, but in a tweed traveling suit that rendered her extremely conspicuous amid the bare shoulders and glittering jewels of her neighbors. The matron at my left who had a wan, sensitive face and who was exquisitely gowned in pale green with emeralds at her wrists, leaned toward me confidentially to murmur, "Poor Mrs. Chisholm! She's just arrived today, and it's so embarrassing for her. The Japanese went through her trunks in Tientsin, and fish paste got all over her dinner frocks. This war," she concluded with a little smile, completely devoid of bitterness, "is not without its discomforts, is it?"

That made me think. It began to dawn on me just what this war was doing to my fellow-countrymen. . . .

But the most touching scene of all occurred when an elderly lady with a fragile, pink-skinned beauty set off by diamonds in simple platinum settings —a woman not unlike your own grandmother, perhaps — was asked whether the palace she had bought and reconstructed had been completed.

"Ah!" she said softly, "yes, my dear, it's been completed. But I shan't be able to move in yet, you know."

"No?" Everyone turned on her in dismay.

"But Countess!" cried my neighbor to the right, "after all the work you've had done on that place! Why, you've slaved yourself sick over those courtyards."

"Nevertheless," responded the Countess without any trace of rancor or impatience, "nevertheless, I shall have to remain at the hotel. My palace, you see, is in the midst of the Japanese quarter. And though I shouldn't be afraid myself, the servants positively refuse—"

"Oh, what a shame!" came from every side. And, "Why can't the Chinese trust us to protect them?"

"Poor woman." It was the sensitive-faced matron in pale green—my neighbor on the left—who finally impressed me with the full horror of war. For, indicating that I should bend my head, she confided softly, pityingly, "You see, the Countess fled to China after being driven out of her villa back in Spain." Her eyes traveled across the table to the lovely old lady whose hands lay like quiet doves on the walnut-sized diamond at her breast. "Poor dear," she sighed again, her thoughts like everyone's never for her own problems but only for another's. "Isn't it heart-breaking? There she is, homeless, living in a lonely, impersonal hotel suite. That's what war does to people, my friend," she said. And she smiled quietly, bravely, into the Countess' eves.

—Lionel Wiggam

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PAPA PISSARRO

A PREFACE TO THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE MOST GENTLE OF ALL THE IMPRESSIONISTS

NO GROUP of painters in any period of creative art were of racial and social origins so varied as those who acquired the name of Impressionists, or those who later associated themselves with the founders of Impressionism. And the patriarch of them all was a gentle dreaming French Jew from an island in the Caribbean, Camille Pissarro.

Pissarro was ten years the senior of Claude Monet and nine years older than Cézanne. He was born in the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish (now American) Antilles, the son of a fairly successful French trader in the island. At the age of twelve he was sent to a boarding-school in Passy, then a suburb of Paris, kept by M. Savary, who gave the boy his first lessons in drawing and urged him, when he was recalled by his family at the age of seventeen, "above all not to forget to draw coconut palms from nature." He followed this counsel literally, made a great many excellent sketches of palms and natives on the then still primitive shores of the island, and began the same struggle with his parents to be permitted to adopt the vocation of artist which the young Manet, three thousand miles eastwards, was then pursuing, and which the infant Monet was later to pursue.

THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO
ROBERT ALLERTON COLL.

Market Scene, Pontoise

After five years of docile if reluctant application to the business of his father, Camille Pissarro found deliverance in the person of a Danish painter, Fritz Melbeye, then visiting the island of St. Thomas. Pissarro followed Melbeye to Caracas, in Venezuela, and there, under his encouragement, continued drawing. And in the following year, 1853, now of an age to decide his own destiny, the

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THE ORCHARD (1870)

young Pissarro returned to Paris to study painting.

At the Universal Exposition of 1855 he saw the works of Delacroix, Daubigny, Millet, Courbet, Corot. With the last-named, then despised and neglected, he became intimate. Corot's only counsel to young painters was to observe and paint from nature. Camille Pissarro, in his ignorance of the precepts of painting then in vogue in the academies of Paris, had already drawn and painted continuously out-of-doors. The advice of Corot, reinforced by his admiration of Corot's landscapes, confirmed him in a practice acquired more by accident than design. He remained aloof therefore from the schools of painting then fashionable in Paris.

Until 1863 he painted in the sober tones of Corot and Courbet, but in that year, strongly influenced by the clear and bold colors of Manet, and by his abandonment of the then general juxtaposition of light and shade, he changed his palette and his method. Three years later he met Manet himself at the Café Guerbois. The group of the rebels against academic art was founded, and during the next three years Pissarro was an assiduous frequenter of the café.

In 1868, two years before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, Pissarro left Paris for Louveciennes,

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WOMAN AT THE WELL (1882)

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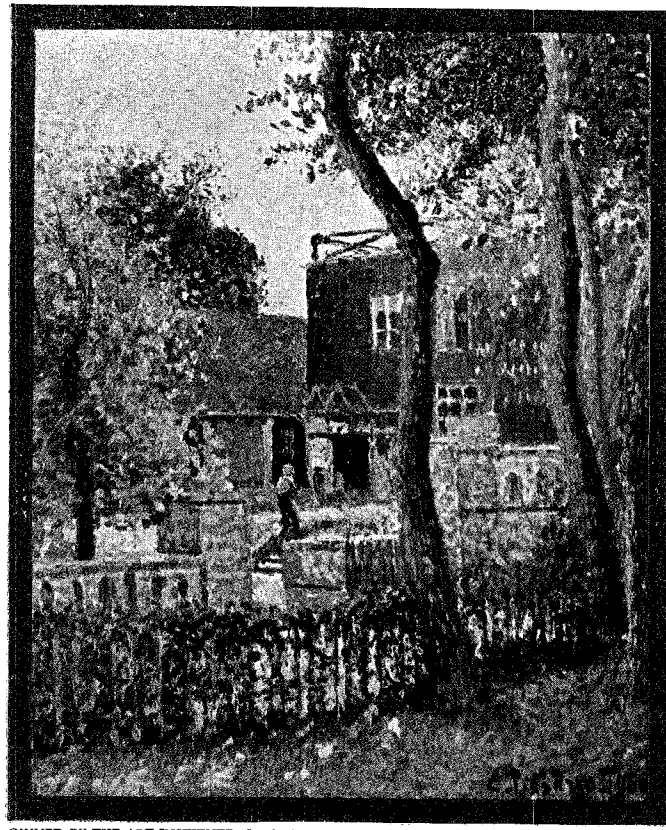

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GROCERY COURTYARD, BERNEVAL (1900)

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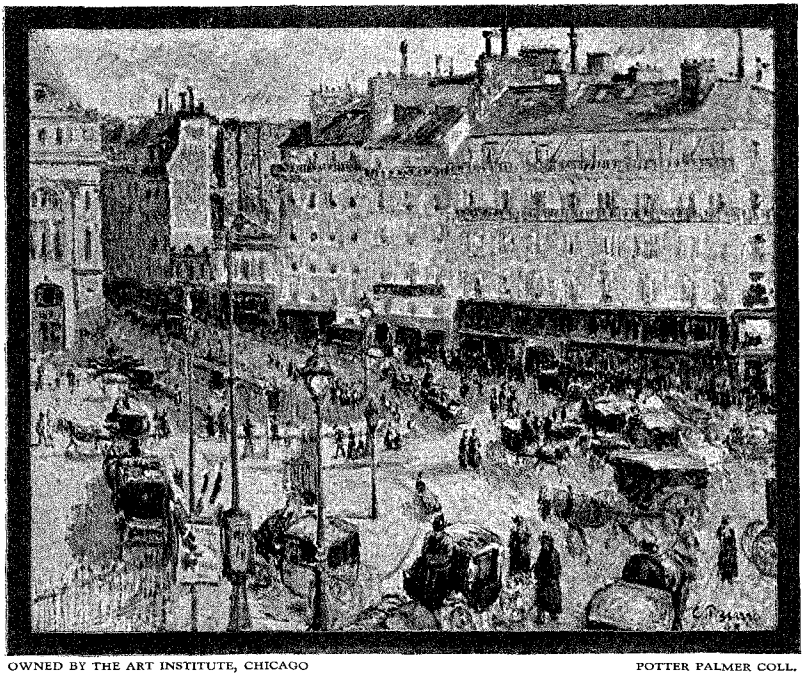

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PLACE DU HÂVRE, PARIS (1883)

on the road between Versailles and Saint-Germain. At Louveciennes Pissarro painted *La Grande Route*, one of the few pictures of this period which survived destruction in the German invasion of 1870—a landscape in the characteristic Pissarro manner, a stretch of highroad, bordered by trees, a farmer's cart, several cottages, and several figures of peasants, men and women. The theme was typical of the realistic manner of landscape painting initiated by Corot and soon to be applied, with audacious variations, by the Impressionists. Hitherto landscapes had been painted exclusively in the studio, with the aid of notes and sketches taken after nature. The landscape had been composed, or rather reconstructed. The ordinary, familiar scenes of the countryside were in general ignored. Only noble and beautiful objects were chosen—a tree, a stream, a mountain—all idealized and grouped to please the fancy of the artist, or the accepted principles of composition. This treatment of nature had become, after centuries of application, ac-

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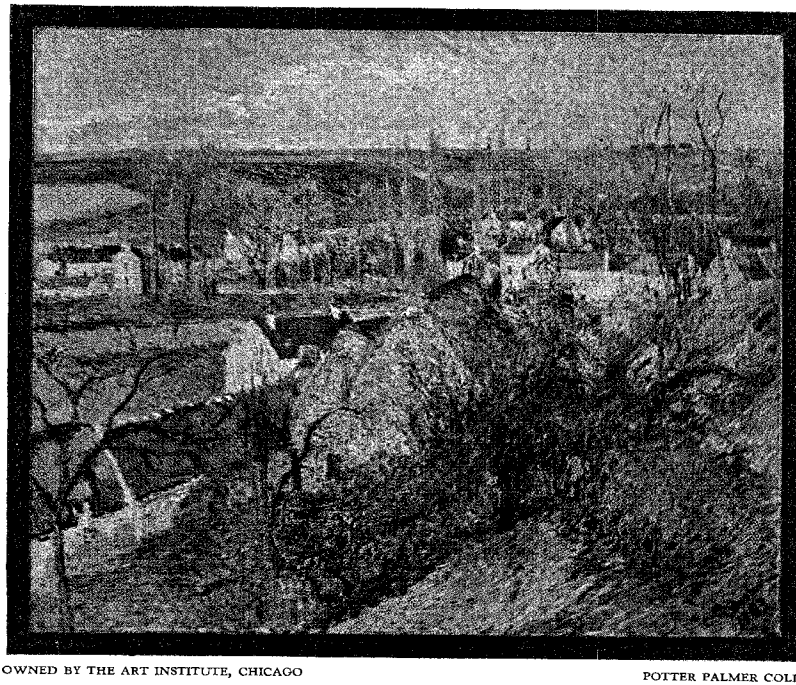

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VIEW OF OSNY, FRANCE (1883)

cepted by the public as the correct attitude toward landscape. The painter's arbitrary division of his canvas into zones of light and shade aroused no criticism or resentment from the public. His use of a conventional color for foliage, for water, for stones and trees and skies, his sombre, monochrome masses of arbitrary shade, were regarded as not only legitimate but accurate. The public had long seen nature with the eyes of the painters of the Salons and had found it good. It found the fresh naturalism of Corot and Courbet revolting.

But Courbet and Corot were respectable in contrast to the repellent vulgarities of Manet, Monet, and Pissarro. Manet by predilection a figure painter, had rebelled against the studio nude. Monet and Pissarro now rebelled against the studio landscape. They followed Manet in discarding the arbitrary light and shade of the prevailing landscape school. They banished bitumen from their palettes, and black. They ignored the injunction to select the "noble" view of

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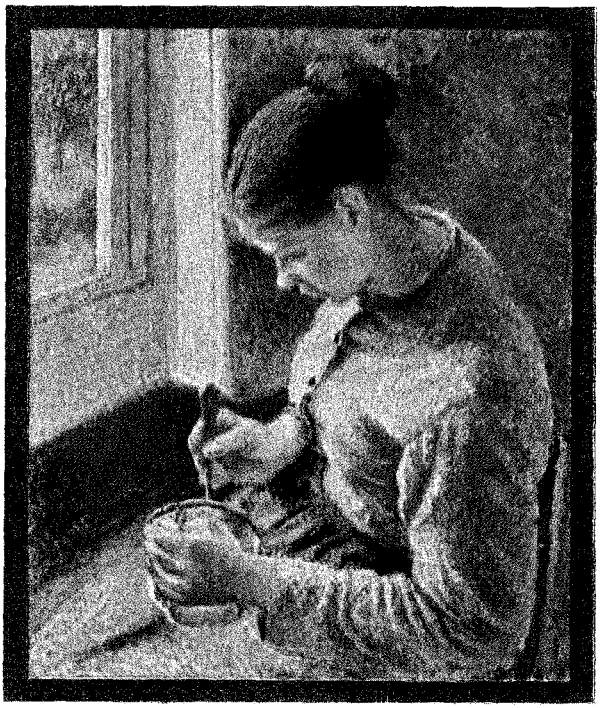

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CAFÉ-AU-LAIT (1881)

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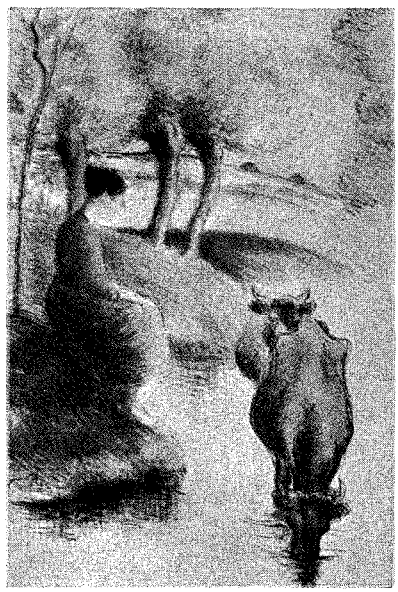
nature, to recast nature in their own mold. They painted roadside scenes, cabbage fields, peasants.

Pissarro, less concerned than his friend Monet with the analysis of light, with atmospheric effects at sunrise or sunset, specialized in scenes of peasant life, and was at one time accused of imitating Millet, though their vision and method had little or nothing in common. Millet was in training an academic painter. His peasants were idealized, caught in sculptural attitudes. His pictures had a strong literary and even religious appeal. "They are continually throwing Millet in my face" wrote Pissarro in 1881 to his friend Theodore Duret. "But Millet was Biblical. And I, who am a Hebrew, am not at all. It is strange."



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Spring

The peasants of Pissarro, indeed, were anything but Biblical. For a Jewish painter who had been born and bred in the exotic atmosphere of the Caribbean islands among Negroes and coconut palms, they were strangely French—the first truly French peasants to be painted since the 16th century brothers Le Nain. They were rough, uncouth, in their clumsy garments, their stout boots, their kerchiefs and aprons. They wheeled wheelbarrows and dug potatoes and tended geese. Their backs were bowed by labor, their limbs were prematurely crippled by rheumatism. But in all their attitudes the painter had found beauty, where the painters of the schools, and with them the entire French public of that day, saw nothing but vulgarity, coarseness, ignorance and ugliness.

In 1870 came the outbreak of war with Prussia. Louveciennes was invaded by the Germans in their march on Versailles. The villa of Pissarro was occupied, and all his canvasses—1,500 of them, the work of fifteen years—stolen or destroyed. Pissarro himself fled with his young family to the house of his friend, the painter Ludovic Piette, in the province of Mayenne, then to London,

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where Claude Monet soon joined him. Together they saw for the first time the achievement of Turner, and found in him, as it seemed miraculously, a dazzling confirmation of their own researches in light and the division of tones. They remained in London until the end of the war and the Commune.

In 1872 they returned to Paris, found the Café Guerbois deserted and an older and more conservative Manet now established in the Café de la Nouvelle Athènes. Pissarro settled down in a hamlet called l'Hermitage on the outskirts of the small rustic town of Pontoise, on the banks of the Oise.

Three miles away, on the banks of the same river, was the tranquil village of Auvers, where the painter Vignon was already established. There, in 1872, Cézanne joined them. And there in the Virgilian simplicity of a countryside of small farms, streams, apple orchards, old stone walls covered with peach or vine, thatched houses and barns, Pissarro worked for ten years. Ten years later Van Gogh was to arrive on the same scene.

In 1882 the painter settled at Eragny-Bazincourt, a village, like Auvers and l'Hermitage, on the banks of the Oise, and there he lived until 1896. His painting had now taken on an idyllic quality. His themes had become simplified. His landscapes had no longer the grave immobility of those of Corot, but vibrated with life and gaiety. All these years Pissarro had remained faithful to his early practice of outdoor painting in winter as in summer.

A sketch by his friend Ludovic Piette shows the hale old man standing happily at his easel on an April day of sun, rain, and wind, his eyes shaded by a great felt hat, his easel weighted against treacherous gusts of wind, the sunlight gilding the ends of his patriarchal beard. But in 1896 an affection of the tear duct made it impossible for him to paint out-of-doors in all weathers. Reluctantly he left the country in which he had lived so long and contentedly. He was now sixty-six years old, and freed like Monet from financial worries. He turned from the rural to the urban scene.

He had discovered that a scene painted from a window was almost as good as a plein-air painting, might be done almost as well from a closed window as out-of-doors, and henceforth all his urban scenes were to be painted in this manner, which had all the advantages and, it seemed at first, none of the discomforts of outdoors painting.

He had rented a series of rooms in Rouen whose windows overlooked the desired motif. He now installed himself in conveniently situated hotel rooms and a series of apartments in Paris. From a window of the Hotel du Louvre he painted the Avenue de l'Opera and its gay cortège of carriages, trains, and pedestrians. From a window in the rue de Rivoli he painted

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his study of the Tuileries Gardens. He painted his famous series of studies of the Pont-Neuf from an apartment in the historic house of Madame Roland at the corner of the Place Dauphine and the Pont-Neuf. Another vantage point was at the end of the Ile Saint Louis. There, in his seventy-fourth year, he painted the famous self-portrait at the window, the portrait of a modest and gentle patriarch. And there, in the winter of the same year, 1903, working too long at a window which, if it protected his sensitive eyes from the November wind, did not sufficiently shelter his body from the November cold, he caught a chill and died.

With Pissarro died one of the few survivors of the heroic period of Impressionism. He left a reputation of rare probity, honesty and artistic scruple. Although he had been branded like the others with the epithet of iconoclast, anarchist and revolutionary, denounced as a monster with Cézanne, politically as well as esthetically, and hounded by the authorities in the art world of the day, he bore no rancor or malice, took his misfortunes philosophically, and remained to his friends and followers the calm, gentle Papa Pissarro, a man with but one passion in life, the passion for his art.

Even when the critics revised their judgment of the Impressionists, they did Pissarro less than justice. His work, like that of Sisley, was overshadowed at first by the brilliant pyrotechnics of Monet, and later by the revulsion of feeling in regard to Cézanne. In his calm, sunny landscapes, gay with spring flowers and fruit blossoms, in his gracious, naïve and realistic peasants there was neither the chromatic analysis of Monet nor the enigmatic quality of Cézanne. Pissarro was less concerned with atmospheric variations than with the scene he painted. He was, instinctively, a naturalist like Corot, and it is the naturalism in Pissarro which charms a generation in full reaction against the inevitable mechanization of its world.

He has been relegated by some French critics to a second place in the hierarchy of the modern painters, on the ground that he could not escape from other influences—Courbet and Corot, then Monet and Cézanne, and later Signac and Seurat. But the influences were only visible in his methods, scarcely ever in his vision. He retained his own strongly marked personality. His work grew more and more individual. His own influence, over Monet, Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin was considerable. In the history of Impressionism his use of divided tones, his striving after naturalism in the treatment of the visible world, probably antedates Monet himself. He remained faithful to the end to his rainbow-palette, his insistence on direct contact with nature, and his love of clear tones. He rightly shares with Monet the title of founder of French Impressionism.

—George Slocombe

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RUNAGATE NIGGERS

IT'S GETTING SO A MAN ISN'T EVEN FREE TO DO AS HE PLEASES WITH HIS OWN CHATTELS

LAFE Rockett's wife began talking as soon as Uncle Elbert arrived and eased himself into the wicker chair on the porch: "I don't know what this country's coming to, when they put law-abiding citizens like Lafe in jail for no reason!"

Uncle Elbert rocked, rubbed his chin and said:

"If you want me to help Lafe out of his trouble, you'd better tell me what happened, Birdie."

"It really began last winter, Uncle Elbert, when Lafe put a nigger couple named Sam and Aphie to farm his cut-over land near Milden, and no niggers ever got better treatment from a white man than those two did. Lafe advanced 'em their vittles and rented 'em a mule, but from the first those two niggers was always complaining. They said the land was so pore and stumpy that nobody could make a crop on it without some fertilizer. Sam said the only thing that growed well on that land was the squash and collards that Aphie raised.

"Well, things went on like that, with them niggers complaining that they didn't have enough to live on, and Lafe advancing meal and side-meat now and then, until the cotton they'd planted was forming bolls. Lafe used to ride out regular to look at the cotton, and even though it was pindling, because of them niggers being so worthless, he figgered the crop would just about pay for the vittles he'd laid out and the rent owing to him.

"Uncle Elbert, Lafe treated them niggers as fair as anybody could, but they was just no-account. This'll give you some idea: last spring Aphie wanted a dog for company, so Lafe gave her a hound puppy. Well, sir, when Lafe seen that hound three months ago, he said the sight of it made him want to cry. It was nothing but skin and bones. He said he couldn't understand how anybody could treat a dog like that. Sam said the reason was because they hadn't had nothing to eat all summer, themselves, except collards and squash, and that a hound wouldn't eat squash or greens."

"I haven't got no use for folks that treat their dogs sorry," said Uncle Elbert. He shook his head.

"Things might have been all right," continued Birdie, "except for that

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rainy spell in September. It started just when the cotton was made and ready to be picked, and it lasted three weeks, nearabout. When it was over, Sam and Aphie's whole crop was soured and rotted in the bolls. After that, it looked like those two niggers was hanging around our kitchen all the time, begging for vittles. There wasn't much Lafe could do, but to show you how fair he acted, he said he'd let 'em stay on another year, if they found a way to feed themselves. By that time they'd have all the stumps out, and could make a better crop. He even said he might advance some fertilizer next spring if things worked out well."

Birdie laughed bitterly and wiped her mouth. "We found out later what a sly one that Aphie is, and how she was working behind Lafe's back all the time she was begging him for vittles. You see, Uncle Elbert, she had a sister cooking for some white folks in Chicago, so when Aphie got old Mrs. Todd to write a hard-luck letter to this here sister, she answered right off and sent what money she'd saved up, telling Sam and Aphie to come on to Chicago. That next day Mrs. Todd read the letter to Aphie and told her how to cash the money order.

"Well, Sam and Aphie must have had a guilty conscience, and when they ran away, they didn't go to Milden to cash that money order or take the train there, because they knowed Lafe would hear about it, sure, and stop 'em. Instead, they lit out one night to walk to Lippincott, twenty miles away. It might have worked, at that, except the Pritchett boy seen 'em on the road, figgered out what was going on, and told Lafe. He also knowed about Aphie's letter, because Mrs. Todd was his aunt, so when Lafe found out about that he did what anybody would: he wired the deputy sheriff at Lippincott to watch for two niggers carrying bundles and leading a hound, and to hold them until he got there.

"Lafe said, when he got back from Lippincott, that he and the niggers and the sheriff all got to the depot about the same time. Sam and Aphie had already cashed the money order and were buying tickets when the sheriff put the handcuffs on 'em. It provoked Lafe right smart to see those niggers spending money they rightly owed him, so he lost his temper, like anybody would and started hitting Sam and Aphie with a strap he happened to have with him at the time. . . . But the story that he chained 'em to a tree when he got 'em home is a pure lie! He only *said* he'd do it if they run off owing him money again, to show off before that woman at the depot. . . .

"You see, Uncle Elbert, when the trouble started there was a young white woman standing on the platform who seen the whole thing, and when Lafe started hitting the niggers she opened her camera and took pictures of it. She even followed the men back of the depot and talked with Lafe and the sheriff, laughing and joking. She asked Lafe how it happened,

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and he told her the whole story, just as I've told it to you; but the woman shook her head and said she didn't believe that part about sending the telegram. That was too smart to think of, she said, and she thought Lafe was making that part up.

"Well, sir, by that time she'd told her name and Lafe and the sheriff had told theirs, and they were all laughing and talking together in the most friendly way, so the sheriff took out the telegram and showed it to her, to prove Lafe was right. So this woman said she'd like to keep the telegram for a souvenir, and put it in her purse. The train pulled in about that time and the woman shook hands and got on board. . . . Well, like you've already guessed, she went straight to Washington and turned the photos and the telegram over to the Government, and yesterday two Federal men arrested Lafe and the deputy sheriff on a peonage charge, and took 'em to jail."

Lafe's wife was quiet for a moment, rocking back and forth. "I declare," she said bitterly, "I don't see how any white woman could go back on her own race that-a-way! I don't see how anybody could be so low-down!"

Uncle Elbert spat over the rail and wiped his chin slowly.

"I been figgering things over all yesterday and today," continued Birdie, "and the more I think, the more disgusted I am with this here country and the way things are run. Things have come to a pretty pass when a man can't catch his own run-agate niggers!"

Uncle Elbert spoke thoughtfully: "Lafe got him a lawyer yet?"

Birdie said: "For two cents I'd move out of this country and go some place where people still enjoy liberty. That's how disgusted I am with this here country, and I don't much keer who knows it, either!"

—William March

THE FOREIGN BONDS

See the pretty foreign bonds!
The widow has bought them with her husband's life insurance.
Now the little foreign children can have swimming-pools.
Now the foreign business man can make things to sell our customers.
Now the foreign generals can buy machine guns for a nice new war.
The widow will live happily in the local poor house.

—Otto S. Mayer

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THE NEW ILLITERACY

WHY READ WHEN YOU CAN LOOK? AND WHY THINK WHEN YOU CAN BUY IT IN PREDIGESTED FORM?

WHEN you and I were young, Maggie, the Valentines we sent each other were carefully chosen. After a long session of composing at the living room table, we painfully transcribed the pretty sentiment in our best Spencerian hand. Those were the days, Maggie darling, when people could read and write, days not quite gone yet, but disappearing.

Last Valentine day the Maggies and their beaux of this generation hired the telephone company to think up and transmit by wire whatever tender sentiment it had on the ready-to-send shelves. The phone rings—it is for Barbara, and a phone girl or phone boy, selected for the job on account of the throb in her or his voice-box, reads or sings something simple—sweet.

The slightly less up-to-date sweethearts fell back, as before, upon the two telegraph companies. The Western Union offered sixteen possibilities, Nos. 201 to 216. Says 201: "It's not the frills and laces that make a Valentine. It's the message of affection, straight to your heart from mine." Straight to your telegraph office from mine? Says 216: "Cupid's wings are not so fast; I'd rather send a wire. Then I'm sure my Valentine will set your heart on fire." These rubber-stamp conflagrations come cheap—twenty cents locally, two-bits anywhere; but if you insist on composing your own, it sets you back thirty-five cents.

We ingenious and inventive Americans are becoming an illiterate people, Maggie. More and more of us are leaving it to special organizations to think up and write our greetings.

And the holiday greetings we send one another, Maggie! You call up the stationer's and order a gross lot and send him your list of names and addresses, and you are through. Not a pen-stroke is necessary. Iron machinery and the machinery of organization does the whole trick, and our personal message of joy and good will goes its way untouched by human hand.

Less and less is it a useful accomplishment to be able to read and write. The movies, the radio, the television yet to come, can be enjoyed by morons unable to spell "cat." In the schools,

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movies are taking the place of textbooks and blackboard exercises.

It is becoming a picture world, a Leica-chromo age, and although it still helps somewhat to be able to make out the words under the pictures or in the balloons that come out of the mouths in comics and cartoons, it isn't necessary. We have come a full cycle since Gutenberg and the Renaissance and that long war against the Dark Ages in the course of which men died so that their children might learn what was in a book.

When you and I were young, Maggie, and wanted to know what the wise men of the ages had concluded about life and the stars, we made our way through bulky tomes with many hard words in them. It was tough going, but worth the effort. In that ancient time before Jesse Lasky and the tabs and radio, there was also no Will Durant. Do you mind the time, Maggie, when I drove the express wagon on the north side route, and went to night school, and had all the shipping clerks in awe because in the slack moments I would read the masterpieces of the philosophers—Herbert Spenser's *Social Statics*, John Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*, or John Stuart Mill on *Liberty*?

Those were the days when, to become a citizen of the world, and a junior partner in its intellectual effort, you had to dig for the gold and pan it out patiently. There were no easy outlines for half-literates, no Macys and Drinkwaters to make literature easy, no H. G. Wellses to tidy up world history in a single volume, no Van Loons to make the story of art as effortless and as unpalatable as a blue-plate special.

Teachers say it is difficult nowadays to interest the boys and girls in Shakespeare, Chaucer, Tennyson, or even Poe. What is *Macbeth* or *The Canterbury Tales* or *The Cask of Amontillado* alongside the steady extracurricular diet of supersensations in pictures—Tarzan, Mickey Mouse, Buck Rogers, Laurel and Hardy, and the Lights Out horror series on the air? Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* is trumped by its movie version. The boob arts have made the classics look pale and sickly. Everywhere pictures ready-made according to well-known formulas triumph over letters which can do no more than suggest pictures to the mind. And that more is little indeed when the minds grow rusty, lazy, dull, or unused to creating their own scenarios.

The Chinese say that one picture is worth ten thousand words. What is worth ten thousand pictures? One picture may say ten thousand words, but ten thousand pictures cancel out all meaning.

However, Maggie, one does not need to read a book to know that pictures seem to be worth ten thousand shekels in anyone's currency in this chromo-halfwit age. On the upper reaches, even the serious thinkers must have their pictographs to make statistics easy, and the museums are using swell

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new cyclorama techniques. Photo-histories and photo-novels are beginning to come out. The standard newspapers have not been conquered by the tabloids, but they have survived only by adopting the tab picture methods. All the reader-interest surveys show that more attention is paid the roto section, the comics, and the news pictures than any other part of the paper.

On the newsstands the picture magazines are running amuck, and almost every day you dash by for the 5:43 you see a new one blooming on the racks. The experts say that *Click* is selling twice as fast as *Look*, which sold twice as fast as *Life*, which sold twice as fast. Three million circulation is expected, five million, seven million. The picture-hunger of the vast, sheepish, staring multitudes, the great dumb people asking to be hypnotized, is totally unlike that of the old Currier and Ives days, the days of the early republic when Godey's bragged of its "embellishments."

How many millions of subintelligences are still left in this great land of schools and colleges as a market, millions as yet unfed by *Click* and *Life* and *Look*, by *See*, and *Pic*, and *Pix*, and *Picture*, and *Foto*, and *Peek*? The potential market is the whole population, the entire 125,000,000 joblot of us who desert the exacting word en masse for the easy picture. It is only when the language runs out of possible titles that no more magazines will be started. By the time this is printed for the delectation of a few people who have not yet forgotten how to read, the stands will be overrun by a dozen new Sears, Roebuck catalogs of intimate shots and sensations; Squint, Peep, Leer, Ogle, Watch! Peer, Glimpse, Glare, Stare, Gape, Gawp, Camera! Once-Over, Roto, and Eyeful.

It would almost seem, Maggie, that the people are deserting their own good. At a time in the world's history when as never before we need minds, and close thinking, and ability to choose among crude and skillful lies, man's inventiveness and his instinct for marketing the results are making the desirable citizen hard to produce. A man who is brought up on pictures is not going to relish the job of hard thinking.

You remember an author that used to be read, named Macaulay? He ended one of his essays with a passage about the future, in which he had some New Zealander or Tasmanian sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Macaulay foresaw that this future man, this new barbarian, would not be writing in a notebook—he would be sketching. It was a pretty good forecast, coming from a hundred years ago, but not a bull's-eye. This New Man will be hopping about among the ruins, taking angle shots with a pocket movie camera, for some kind of three-dimensional, all-color, radio-television-talkie-magazine yet to be devised. —LAWRENCE MARTIN

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EXCUSE GUIDE FOR WRITERS

WELL, PERSONALLY, WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON GETTING BY HERE WITH EXCUSE NO. EIGHTEEN

IN AN effort to help members of our profession we have compiled a brief list of excuses for writers who don't feel like getting to work on any particular day. Of course, as a general rule, writers can think up plenty of these without any outside help, but occasionally a writer wakes up in such a state of brain fag—after a long night of dreaming, say—that he hasn't even enough resourcefulness to think up a decent excuse, let alone think up something to write about. We trust that this may be of some help as a handy reference:

1. Have written too much lately, and am stale. Need a rest.

2. Haven't written enough lately, and am out of practice.

3. Editor has taken a great deal of my stuff lately, and is full up with it.

4. Editor hasn't taken anything for months. Is probably sore at me.

5. Ought to go call on people to make character studies. Can't get anywhere just staying by myself.

6. Too many people around here. Can't possibly write with all this distraction.

7. Too early in the morning to write. Can't produce anything decent when I haven't got my eyes half open.

8. Too late in the afternoon to write. All fagged out, and have lost that early-morning energy.

9. Too hot to write.

10. Too cold to write.

11. Temperature is too comfortable. Doesn't stimulate me enough.

12. Have written in this same room too long, and am fed up with the surroundings.

13. Not used to writing in this new environment. It distracts me.

14. Plenty of money in the bank. No use killing myself now.

15. Absolutely broke. Won't get money in time even if I write something and sell it.

16. Can't write with riveting machines and taxi horns right outside my window. These city noises get on my nerves.

17. Can't write out here. This awful country silence gets on my nerves.

18. Somehow or other the typewriter looks as though it were out of order. If I took a chance and punched a key, the whole thing might fall to pieces. —PARKE CUMMINGS

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THE NEW GOM

BESTOWING THE PALM ON SOMERSET MAUGHAM AS ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN OF LETTERS

GEORGE MOORE is dead, and so are Barrie and Kipling and Hardy. Shaw is still going strong, but octogenarians notwithstanding, England is looking for new literary lions. Not finding them, though. For her new Merediths and Hardys and Brownings and Tennysons England is compelled to shuffle through a paltry array of moderately good essayists, frankly popular novelists and anemic so-called stylists.

William Somerset Maugham, who at sixty-three has the biggest and the most recently established reputation among British writers, is on all counts an exception to these complaints. The change in his standing, from being a clever and successful writer of bubbly Mayfair comedies to an all-round writer, complete with philosophy and "wisdom," was gradual, but the deaths of several of the biggest figures among the old guard served to elevate him to the Gomship (Grand Old Man-ship) of English letters.

The critics found, and the public concurred, that little Willie Maugham, who forty years before had started his first novel determined to make his mark on literature, had what it takes. It dawned on them that the dapper little exile had all the qualities for a new Gom.

He was one of the few contemporary English writers who had any standing abroad. The more critical Americans recognized in Maugham a really adult observer of mankind in all its bestiality, stupidity, and pathos. Theodore Dreiser hailed Maugham's so-called masterpiece *Of Human Bondage* as "no book for the timid, gentle reader. It is frankly pagan, it stirs a tremendously emotional upheaval." The effect of this was to begin a cult leading to the sale of more than half a million copies of this hefty novel.

William Somerset Maugham is the son of an English solicitor who was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. He grew up an observant and knowledgeable cosmopolitan, speaking French and German as well as he spoke English. This, as it happens, was not very well. Maugham suffered from a severe stammer. In his case, it seems obvious that he took to writing to relieve his pent-up thoughts.

As a young man with a slender

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private income, he entered London theatres and decided that it was he who should become the outstanding purveyor of those apparently flippant plays, exposing different phases of the life of the rich, which are called comedies. His work in this sphere, in the aggregate, makes him the most important writer of comedy in England since Sheridan. *Our Betters*, *The Constant Wife*, *The Circle* in particular, helped to make a reputation which grew steadily.

Maugham, though he hates growing old and makes wry jests on the subject of his own antiquity, recognizes that his career as a writer is in the nature of things drawing to a close. But the man who has made so many cynical remarks about fame and posterity is nevertheless quietly determined that his own place in English literature shall be one of some distinction.

He has never denied that at least three-quarters of his work has been written to achieve success with the only effective public for a writer who wishes to live well and travel comfortably. The result is that he has respected his readers in the mass, as representing a conglomeration of potent purchasing power which he knew he could not afford to offend, but has had little but contempt for them as individuals. During the last five years, in which Maugham has admittedly been writing to please himself, this insensitiveness to what the easily shocked average Maugham reader may think has revealed itself in several interesting touches. He has attempted in some of his recent writings to touch on the sexual urge and some of its aberrations in a way not usually tolerated in England.

In the original script of *Sheppey*, the doctor called in by the family to prove Sheppey insane made a remark about excessive charity being usually a symptom of repressed homosexuality, but since the English stage does not recognize the existence of homosexuality (although many of its workers do) the remark was softened. In *Don Fernando* he discussed at length the possibility of El Greco's having been a pederast. Maugham's forthcoming autobiography, if it is at all outspoken and comprehensive, should give us a good deal more of his views on sex and its various expressions.

Maugham's own private life has not been without its vicissitudes. He has married once, to Syrie Barnardo, and they had one child, a daughter named Lisa. Maugham and his wife have separated, and Syrie Maugham, in her own particular lines—interior decoration and hectic entertaining of the ultra smart—is every bit as great a success as he.

Maugham spends the greater part of each year at his only permanent home, the Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat which overlooks a famous Riviera harbor, Villefranche. He entertains a certain amount and gossips a great deal. He has a study in a sort of penthouse on the roof, where

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a very fine library keeps him occupied for many hours of each day. His daily output of work consists of about a thousand words, carefully handwritten. His secretary and friend, Gerald Haxton, answers many of his business letters, but Maugham himself replies to nearly all his personal letters, sometimes very briefly but always to the point. Thus, to an intending interviewer:

Dear Mr. Blank:

Please don't interview me.

Yours sincerely,

W. S. Maugham

This leads to the rumor that Maugham detests interviewers and rarely talks to a newspaper man. For a man publicized as hating being written about, Maugham has had a good deal of painful experience lately. Hannen Swaffer, most famous journalist in London, proclaimed solemnly that Maugham had the face of a "dead Mongol."

Authors are traditionally supposed to lead sedentary lives, but the intermission of the Great War gave many English writers an opportunity of actually shaping events for once instead of merely chronicling them. Maugham was one of the authors who became wartime spies, though few people know exactly what Maugham's career as a spy was. He was sent to Russia on a rather interesting mission —to compete with Lenin as a "practical historian." His task was to prevent the revolution, and with that end in view he cultivated the acquaintance of the two leading personalities of the so-called Social Revolutionary Party. These were Alexander Kerensky and Boris Savinkov, two of the most impressive charlatans of modern times. (Winston Churchill is still impressed.) Maugham considers Kerensky the greatest actor in the world. He returned to London and was given an appointment to report in person to Britain's war dictator, David Lloyd George. For half an hour the premier chattered airily and very knowledgeably about Maugham's work, saying how much he had enjoyed some of the comedies, then ushered him to the door and shook him cordially by the hand, intimating unmistakably that the report was no longer wanted. The British government no longer deluded itself as to what was happening in Russia.

Whatever Maugham's place in literature will be, he remains one of the few genuinely intriguing and always interesting figures among European writers. He is a curious mixture of cold cynicism and that species of warm sentimentality peculiar to English writers. "He is inclined," says the *New Statesman*, "to think of life as a losing game played against an adversary bound to win." This attitude more than any other underlies the whole body of his work, giving it its particular tang, its occasional great moments, and its many rather obviously competent descriptions of facts we all know. —Glyn Roberts

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DIPLOMACY

TWO MORAL ANECDOTES RECREATED FROM THE REPERTOIRE OF PHILIPPE BERTHELOT

IN THE book M. Auguste Bréal has just published on Philippe Berthelot, the diplomat, I recognize with pleasure some of the anecdotes Berthelot used to tell in that deaf voice that hammered out every syllable.

One of these describes a French delegation and an English delegation meeting to fix a boundary. The English delegation was presided over by a jovial colonel. On the first day the colonel gave a speech whose peroration was: "The Secretary of State said to me: 'If you give up one inch of this territory it is as though you were abandoning a bit of Hyde Park.'"

Thereupon for two weeks the French delegation exhibits its point of view with incomparable brilliance and intelligence. Historical, geographical, and ethnographical arguments, all unanswerable, are analyzed one by one. The English delegation defends itself badly. At the end of the debate, the English colonel shows his admiration for the vigor of the French pleaders. Our delegation thinks it has carried the day and waits with impatience for the colonel's conclusion. This arrives finally: "The Secretary of State said to me: 'If you give up one inch of this territory it is as though you were abandoning a bit of Hyde Park.'" They could not drag anything else out of him, and it was necessary to accept a compromise.

I didn't find, in M. Bréal's book, the story of the veal. One day in 1914 General Foch, who was commanding the Ypres sector, arrived at General Headquarters fairly overcome with emotion by the pressing danger. He is shown in to General Joffre.

"General," begins Foch, "the situation—"

"I am listening," says Joffre, "but first, one word, Foch. Do you like veal?"

"Why yes, General . . . Anyway it's all the same to me . . . The situation—"

"It's all the same to you? Ah no," says Joffre, "it's important since we have it for lunch. Do you like veal?"

One imagines the continuation of this scene. Naturally in Joffre's eyes it had as its object to guide a leader obsessed by his sector to regain contact with the outside world.

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

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IN A LOCKET FOR A VERY YOUNG GIRL

Spend not your sighs upon the wind,
Let no swift river have your tears,

And be to evil unresigned.
Follow the mood that most endears,

But in no season lag behind,
Let night count up no day's arrears.

Oblige your steadfast soul to ply
The colors of the changing sky

To changeless patterns in your mind,
And figures never drawn by fears.

Your woven days and nights unwind
In cloths uncut by others' shears.

Enough, that time itself unbind
The knotted threads of all our years!

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

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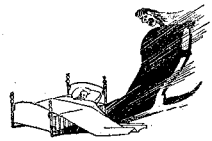
MANUAL FOR MORIBUNDS

A HELPFUL LITTLE COMPENDIUM OF BRIGHT SAYINGS OF DEATHBED WITS



NO MAN can give too much thought to the choice of a suitable deathbed speech. An entire lifetime would not be excessive. Elements peculiar to the ultimate moment make mature reflection quite indispensable. To begin with, the moment itself does not return. Unlike the bedtime wit, a corpse has no opportunity worth speaking of to ponder what he might have said. More important, last words are received by friend and relative alike with a degree of attentiveness and courtesy sparingly accorded in normal circumstances. There is really no audience like a deathbed audience, and if one happens to be a Somebody, one is speaking directly to posterity.

Far worse things, then, can be said of a man than that "nothing became him in life like the leaving of it."

The deathbed speech is no boresome duty which can be left to the last minute like an unpaid bill. It is a rare and subtle art, something to be attempted only after careful preparation. There are principles to be observed. *Primo:* the final utterance must be in character like that of the Brigadier-General who shouted to his aide-de-camp: "Quick, Conningsby, me boots! I feel I'm going to die."

The deathbed speech should be bright, pithy, to the point, one of those lightning-flashes of perception which reportedly attend one's dying vision. Above all—and this is an inflexible law—the author must have the good taste to die immediately afterwards. Nothing is so destructive of the moribund epigrammatist's finest efforts than an anti-climax. Quip and die. That is the only formula for successful deathbed valedictories.

It must ever remain a great pity that when Lord Nelson was drilled by a sharpshooter's bullet while strolling the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, he could not content himself with the noble sentiment: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" No, nothing would do but that he had to repeat it (an adequate enough phrase, to be sure) four times within as many hours, and with reckless disregard for posterity top it by murmuring to his Flag-Captain: "Kiss me, Hardy."

With a how much nicer sense of the fitness of things did O. Henry, dying in a New York hospital of dia-

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betes, direct his night nurse: "Turn on the lights. I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

The oft-quoted words are so beautifully in character that people simply refuse to believe that the immortal roustabout really uttered them.

That they were borrowed words keeps them from being the unrivaled, all-time classic for appropriate deathbed speeches. Remember the popular ragtime ballad?

"Baby dear, listen here
I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

Sharp distinctions must be drawn between the legitimate deathbed speech and the deathbed speech spurious, accidental, or conceived in prescience. It is the accidental deathbed speech or Coincidental Climax upon which the conscientious critic must frown.

I have long suspected that Goethe's famous dying request for "more light" belongs to the last category in its most flagrant form. What the old gentleman probably wanted was a fresh candle-wick by which he might read the latest novel, but Death chose to coincide with the simple, domestic words, and posterity persisted in regarding them as a profound expression of the philosophic temper.

Last words spoken or penned by suicides and condemned persons is a second type which must be distinguished from the real thing. Judicious planning is one thing, but prescience, with its matchless opportunity for timing and revision, smacks of professionalism. Nevertheless, some special niche should be set aside for such scaffold wits as Mary Blandy, the Scottish beauty who laced her father's gruel with arsenic, and Danton, the Don Quixote of the Terror. It was Mistress Blandy who in a sudden access of Regency modesty pleaded with her executioner: "Oh, please, sir, don't hang me too high."

Nor did Danton fail his public as he stood in the shadow of "The Widow."

"Show my head to the people," he bellowed. "It will be well worth the pains!"

Punctuated as it was by the click of the guillotine's blade, this still makes very pretty reading.

Sometimes a last line is a gesture of defiance which has taken a lifetime to make. In 1635 Lope da Vega, the Spanish dramatist and Dictator of Letters, bowed and broken by private sorrows, felt that Death was near. He summoned the family physician and demanded the truth. Yes, the medico solemnly nodded his head, da Vega's days were numbered. The playwright tried to pin him down. How long? A few days at most. Was he certain? There could be no doubt.

Immediately the playwright sent out letters, summoning to his cold, cell-like dwelling the great minds of the epoch. From London, Paris, Berlin, Rome they flocked, the artists, the philosophers, the literati. When they were assembled about his bedside, avid to receive the celebrated man's

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last words, da Vega again asked the doctor if there was no hope for him. The diagnosis was unchanged. He was as good as dead. Reassured, da Vega motioned his visitors to approach and in a faint whisper announced: "Gentlemen, Dante makes me sick!"

For the deathbed speech in character none can surpass Mme Bernard, mother of the inspired Rosine Bernard, better known as Sarah Bernhardt. Acid enmity had rankled between the two for many years. Neither would give way. Neither would admit the possibility of error. When, however, Sarah received word that her mother was dying she rushed to the bedside and in a perfect frenzy of religious fear begged the fierce old lady to forgive her. Surely, she pointed out, a mother could not do such a dreadful thing as to die without giving her blessing.

Every bit as religious as her daughter Mme Bernard conceded that it would be monstrous to die with a grudge on her conscience. She agreed to call it quits. The way she put it was: "I forgive you—camel!"

That night she went to meet her Maker, triumphant in having had the last word.

When Sarah's own hour approached she failed to equal her mother's admirable terseness. To her son, a rather lively middle-aged blade, she commanded tenderly: "Be a good boy, Maurice."

No study of the art would be complete without a consideration of some horrid examples of how utterly even the most brilliant wits can fail in a crisis. Lord Byron, for example, seemed at one moment in his last agony to be on the right track. If only he had stuck to it! When his faithful servant Fletcher piously remarked: "God's will be done," Byron replied: "Yes. Not mine." But here again was a man who simply didn't know when to die. His actual last words were the intolerably trite: "I want to go to sleep now."

Surely, better things could be expected of Charles II, the reigning wit of his day, than the somewhat wishy-washy "Take care of poor Nell." Poor Nell was pretty well taken care of long before her royal lover died.

Oscar Wilde's parting shot wasn't bad, but it was scarcely worthy of the Master of the Insincere. Shortly before he "exploded," as Frank Harris insists, he declaimed: "I am dying as I have lived—beyond my means."

When the palm is one day awarded for the classic deathbed speech, it should go not to a da Vega, an O. Henry, or a Bernard, but to an obscure, unsung wag, grandfather of one of the writer's friends. This whimsical octogenarian was afflicted with a form of anemia which moved his doctors to cover him from head to foot with mustard plasters. Wasted away to a bare ninety pounds, he looked up at them out of his weak, rheumy eyes, and gasped his last with these words on his lips: "So much mustard for so little meat."

—John Kobler

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GAME OF HOMONYMS

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AN ECCENTRICITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TO TEST YOUR VOCABULARY

HOMONYMS are words that are pronounced alike but differ in meaning. For example, a place for worship is *altar;* to change is *alter*. Here are fifty pairs of definitions. Can you supply the correct sets of homonyms these definitions describe?

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 70 points is fair, 80 is good, and 90 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 101.

1—no
cry of a horse

2—a piece of glass
anguish

3—nude
an animal

4—a wharf
an equal

5—part of a circle
Biblical boat

6—to swoon
a pretense

7—military officer
warlike

8—a small fruit
to inter

9—to lift
to destroy totally

10—wicked
ordered

11—female sheep
evergreen trees

12—to pretend
a temple

13—a cloak
fireplace shelf

14—a large gun
a law or rule

15—a bundle
surety

16—a small stream
a grating noise

17—to congeal
ornamental band

18—a fibber
musical instrument

19—a lover
a kind of knot

20—a dance
to wail loudly

21—group of soldiers
a center

22—to fling
extreme agony

23—guided
a metal

24—a shallow dish
a braid

25—a poet
shut out

26—to squander
a blouse

27—power
something tiny

28—a young deer
a woodland deity

29—a contusion
ferments

30—a kind of tree
sandy shore

31—weight allowance
to rend

32—a story
an appendage

33—erect
narrow

34—flat land
a carpenter's tool

35—a coarse cloth
to solicit

36—a curtain
a valley

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37—to greet
robust
38—prudent
distinct
39—to relinquish
an undulation
40—a donkey
incorporated town
41—a rascal
part of a church
42—impolite
a crucifix
43—to quote
a place
44—repose
to force away
45—separate into parts
a thicket
46—to accuse formally
to write
47—a condiment
assembled
48—a class
to throw
49—laments
leg armor
50—a circular vessel
tree trunk

—A. I. GREEN

LITERATURE MADE SIMPLE

BOOKS are things which all of us say we ought to read more of and intend to when we get more time. Time is a thing which we seldom get. Books have been with us for ages and ages—particularly the ones we borrowed from our neighbors and promised to return next week.

There are various classifications of books, one of the main ones being novels. Formerly a novel was any story of life and adventure. Now it is any story of life and adventure over one thousand pages long. The old-fashioned or 250-page novel is now known as the short story, and the things you read in magazines like this are now known as short short short short stories. Novels may be divided into two main types, realistic and romantic. In realistic novels, things turn out lousy. In romantic ones they turn out swell. This tends to give the romantics the edge, but the realistics make up for this by getting in trouble with the censors sometimes.

The more trouble, the more editions.

Another type of novel is the mystery novel. Some of these are very good indeed, it being impossible to deduce who the criminal is, but others are not so good, and their only mystery is why they were printed. Lots of very important and intellectual people like to read mystery novels for relaxation. They get it by arguing with their spouses (maybe it's spice) as to who committed the murder—pardon me, murders. The present evaluation of mystery novels is as follows: No murders—hopelessly tame. One murder—very tame. Two murders—tame. Three murders—so so. Four murders—getting warm. Five murders—O.K. Anything over five—hot stuff.

Biographies are another type of book, and have been popular in recent years. A good biography shows that whatever history has taught about a well-known historical figure, such as Napoleon, Henry the Eighth or Joan of Arc, has been completely cockeyed. I will read more biography—when I find the time. —LOWELL WHITE

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SEEING THROUGH SPACE

THE WOMAN WITH THE MAGIC EYE: AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE SUPERNATURAL IN AN AFRICAN KRAAL

OFTEN when I follow the flight of a bird, watching the beautiful freedom with which it soars through the air and marveling at its ability to go so easily and directly wherever its desire may call it, I think what a slow, heavy, gauche being man is, surrounded, held and hampered by limitations of every kind.

Not otherwise would I know how to express the sensation I felt before the extraordinary power of a native woman's mind to see what she chooses and when she chooses in the present, the past and the future; to fly at her pleasure through time and space; to penetrate the utmost mysteries of the mind, and even of sickness and death.

This woman is the most remarkable person I met in all my African life, the sorceress Tuadekili, whose sole companion is a twenty-foot, living python, and whose proficiency in many fields of "magic" I have observed and studied during two expeditions in the mountains of Northern Zululand.

For years I had heard many extraordinary feats attributed to this extraordinary woman, not only from natives, but also from white farmers, government residents, and, especially, from Father Bryan, an eminent student of ethnography and the greatest living authority on Zululand, a country where he had lived and which he has lovingly studied during almost half a century.

The first episode which focused all my interest on the pythoness' methods and convinced me of the importance of closely studying them, was one that I can only describe as "mind-television," projected through time and space.

For Pythoness Tuadekili showed us —an Italian professor of anthropology and myself—that she could *see*, literally see in every detail and every act, events transpiring in a different locality at the present moment; or events that have just happened at a distance barring every possibility of direct communication; or others which will so happen in the future. And could see them with the same facility with which a normal person could watch something taking place under his own eyes at that very minute.

This particular instance that I am

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going to relate began unexpectedly to unroll itself before us one morning when the Professor and I were talking to the pythoness in her own *kraal* in the hope of learning from the casual conversation something which would throw light on one or another of the "miracles" that were generally credited to her.

At a certain moment—just in the middle of a sentence—she broke off abruptly as if someone had suddenly appeared before her.

"A young chief comes to consult me," she told us a few moments later in explanation.

After looking around to assure himself that no one was in sight, the Professor said to her: "How do you know it?"

"I see him," she replied, continuing to stare straight ahead of her. "I see him. He is now at the spring down in the valley."

The Professor, an extremely sceptical person, mumbled to me, "She's learned it from a tom-tom or some other signal." It was his mania to try to find a logical explanation for everything he saw.

"Now," she continued, "he is cutting a branch from the great *mobanga* tree which reflects itself in the spring. He is making of it a new stick. He comes alone."

Then, after another thoughtful pause, "The greater part of his mealie mealies, the fire has devoured. And three times ten, and two, cows he has found dead by a secret malady."

"What malady?" I asked curiously.

"The malignance of a jealous brother." And having so answered, she abruptly retired into her hut.

"A sickness as yet unclassified in any veterinary textbook," the Professor commented with a laugh.

We knew from daily experience that the distance from the spring to the *kraal* of the pythoness necessitated a march of four hours for us, three for a native. And exactly three hours later, the Professor, who had volunteered to keep watch, called me.

The Chief arrived without his bodyguard, wearing no insignia of office.

In his right hand he held three *assegais* and a little shield of variegated oxen skin, strengthened by a vertical stick. Without any comment, the Professor took it from his hand, examined it in silence and then passed it to me. The stick was of fresh wood, just peeled, and undoubtedly came from the big *mobanga* near the spring, the only tree of that kind in the whole vicinity, to the best of our knowledge.

"Where did you get this?" the Professor asked as he handed the shield back to the man.

"Down at the spring," the Chief replied in some surprise. "Just now, when I crossed it."

I saw the head of Tuadekili appear at the low oval opening of her hut, and a hint of a smile lightened for a moment the gravity of her face.

The Chief quickly approached the hut, obviously eager to begin his consultation with the pythoness. He com-

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menced at once to tell her of his troubles, and every one of his words served only to confirm exactly the pythoness' sayings. That morning a herd of his cattle had been seized by a strange sickness. Thirty-two fine cows, a goodly part of his wealth, had gone as usual to the waterhole, and had shortly thereafter inexplicably died. And a granary had taken fire, for no known reason. All his possessions seemed suddenly to be accursed.

"Oh pythoness, save me," was his final invocation. "You, only, can—you, who see everything."

"And where is your brother Nguo?" the pythoness demanded abruptly, rousing herself as from a dream.

The Chief did not know. He had not seen Nguo since the night before.

"I see Nguo," said Tuadekili. "I see him yesterday when you punish him, for once more he has disobeyed you. I see him this morning before the sun appears, going to the spring. A calabash he has in his hand which Sindela has given him, full of poison which he throws in the water. Then he runs away . . . I see your cows which under the care of your youngest son arrive and drink without knowing of the water of death.

"A woman puts fire to the granary while you are bent over your sick cows. Thoughts of joy pass in her heart because of your ruin. And thoughts of love for Nguo, whom she knows is safely hid in the *kraal* of her father, Sindela."

"Rumati?" the Chief exploded, in shocked disbelief. "Rumati, my favorite wife? It's not true. Not Rumati."

"Rumati," was the quiet answer.

"But Rumati's heart no longer burns with evil passions," the oracle continued. "No more will she destroy any of your riches."

A great sigh of relief relaxed the taut figure of the Chief.

But the pythoness had not yet finished.

"And now I will see what is to happen to you."

The Professor leaned over and whispered to me, "You go, please, and get rifles, torches and cameras for us both, so we will be able to follow the Chief when he leaves. I'll tell you anything else the old girl says."

It was a few hours later that the Professor and I, following the Chief at a discreet distance, reached his *kraal*. He had been so worried that either he had not noticed or had not minded our coming, for not once during the whole long walk had he turned his head toward us.

The village was composed, as usual, by a circle of beautifully-built, round huts, one for each wife, and from where we had stopped we could see that the court enclosed by the huts was filled with silently waiting warriors.

The Chief returned, distractedly, the respectful salute of their *assegais* lifted high in the air, said a few words that we could not hear to the women gathered in a group before the burnt granary. We saw them shake their

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heads in negation, all together, as the Chief ran from one hut to another searching frantically for something. Then with a gesture of fury he began to harangue the warriors.

A loud cry went up, and all the men filed out of the *kraal* in the wake of their lord.

"Just as the pythoness told him," said the Professor. "But, of course, it may be that she simply told him what to do. Anyway, the repentant and now again adoring little wife seems not to be here, as by schedule."

"What else did Tuadekili say while I was away?"

While we were following the group of warriors, the Professor told me.

Tuadekili had said that the Chief and the warriors, taking advantage of the coming night, would surround the *kraal* of the treacherous father-in-law. At a certain signal they would advance all together. Approaching alone the third hut, the Chief would feel a presentiment of danger. He must heed it, for within the hut his brother Nguo would be lying in ambush, his *assegai* poised in his hand, ready to leap out and kill him.

But the Chief, forewarned, would be prepared. A terrific fight would follow, from which he would emerge only slightly hurt. Nguo, instead, would be severely wounded, and the warriors would take him captive with no further trouble, and bring him before the council of the *induna* who would condemn him to serious punishment and compel him to pay fully for all the damage he had caused.

The next morning we listened to the verdict of the council of *induna*. Everything had happened the night before, and that same morning, exactly as the pythoness had foretold in every detail, hours and hours in advance.

"Just like a radio announcer," I said, "describing something happening right before him. Only she did it the day before."

"Announcer, my hat!" exclaimed the Professor, furious at having to renounce, before the evidence, his usual scepticism. "And where is Rumati?" —and he quoted sarcastically—"whose 'heart no longer burns with evil passions? Who no more will destroy any of your riches?' "

I couldn't answer that one. Nor another prophecy of the pythoness which the Professor alluded to for the first time.

"And where is the bad pain in his heart that the Chief was supposed to receive at once after the judgment?"

Just at that very moment, a silent procession appeared, approached the *indunas* and deposited at their feet the body of a woman, horribly wounded and evidently dead for many hours.

It was Rumati, whom her lover had killed the night before at the approach of the Chief's warriors and hidden in a dark corner of the hut before he sprang out to attack his brother.

Rumati, whose heart certainly "no longer burns with evil passions."

—Comdr. Attilio Gatti

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HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

AFTER ALL, THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION—AND SOMETIMES THERE'S A THIRD

JACK, I want to speak to you about one of your men."

"Yes, J. T. Of course."

"He's a tall fellow. Looks as if he hadn't a haircut since he left high school. In fact, he looks as if he lived in a box car."

"I think I know who you mean, J. T. His name is Jones."

"He was peeling an orange in the elevator this morning. And one garter was dragging."

"I don't know what to do with him, J. T. I've warned him a good many times."

"Well, frankly, Jack, he makes a terrible first impression."

"You're absolutely right, J. T. He does."

"I think this business, after all, has a certain dignity to maintain."

"I think you put that very nicely, indeed, J. T."

"Our salesmen especially ought to reflect the integrity and the dignity and the efficiency of this house. We ought to insist upon neatly-dressed, smartly-groomed men."

"There's no question about it, J. T."

"If a man won't conform to our ideal, we'd better get rid of him."

"You're right, J. T. I'll let him go."

"I think that would be best, Jack."

"I don't care even if he did sell two hundred thousand dollars last year!"

"What did you say!"

"I said, I don't care even if he did sell two hundred thousand dollars last year."

"How much did you say he sold last year?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars' worth, J. T."

"Well, of course, there is another side to the question, too. We don't want to make the mistake of being too exacting, either, Jack."

"No, J. T."

"We all have our little peculiarities, after all."

"That's quite true, J. T."

"When a man's doing his best, Jack, this firm is not going to be over-critical."

"I think that's simply good policy."

"You've got to try to understand men like Jones, Jack. We're not all Beau Brummells by nature, you know. You must learn to make allowances."

"I'll try, J. T." —DOUG WELCH

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IF YOU WERE MY BOY

IT IS EASY FOR YOUTH TO LOSE ITS WAY: HEREWITH A PROPOSED BASIC ITINERARY

IF YOU were my boy I would tell you what I would want you to know.

First of all, I would want you to know the land into which you were born. I would want you to know the land and its people. We would go about in trains and buses and that old car and visit different places. I would want you to see how the fishermen work on the New England coast and also how they fish in the Pacific.

And while we're in New England I would want you to see some of that old culture that still exists about the city of Boston. I would want you to read a book or two on this cradle of American civilization, not forgetting the *Education of Henry Adams*, and then before we left the place I would ask you to think of a very strange supposition. Supposing the French had landed on Plymouth Rock instead of the Puritans. How would this have influenced the development of America? Would Old Boston have been as gay as Old New Orleans? Supposing also we were to make an outline for an imaginary history of our land, a history that never happened, and substitute the French for the Puritans in Boston and let the Puritans burn their witches in Louisiana. Of course this is all fantasy built on a false fact. But it would give us valuations, a sense of our history, and prove an amusing adventure for the mind. It would make the dead past less rigid.

But we have other adventures that are with the living of our land. There are the abandoned farms of New England, the great farms of the Middle West, and the growth of our cities. There are mines and factories and industries that we should visit. And we would visit the dark, poor South and make a careful inventory of the materials and ideas that are found in this place. Can I tell you why so many houses in Arkansas are in need of a coat of paint? Why the backyards are squalid and the people so sleepy? No. I cannot answer. But we will ask about it.

And here, too, let us suppose that the Civil War was won by the South, that the Negro was still in slavery and that the South broke away and was an independent nation. We must rewrite our history from the date of Lincoln's

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assassination. This would also be a fantasy and it would cut America into an industrial North and an agricultural South. And as we get closer to the years 1900 and 1914 we would see very clearly that many agricultural countries, even Russia, Japan and China have taken a quick turn-about and have had to build up an industrial civilization in order to survive. Would the South have done the same? That is important for you to know and here you should ask a lot of questions, many of which I certainly would be unable to answer. But we would soon learn a good deal about the land we are living in. And this is important, for very soon this land will be yours and belong to your children.

Now you could be very sarcastic and say: yes, you are transferring to us a bank balance of debits, a serious problem of unemployment, a periodic depression that comes as regularly as ancient Egypt's seven-year famine, a wave of criminal lawlessness, serious foreign entanglements and increasing rates of heart-disease and madness. You could say even more.

Well, if you said all this I would smile. Of course, if you were a Frenchman or a German or a Pole it would be no laughing matter, for these old lands suffer from exhaustion. But get hold of that shovel and let us dig. See what there is under the surface. And see what there is on top of the soil.

One-half of the world's cotton and two-thirds of all the oil are in America. There could be plenty of wheat and farm products to feed twice the number of our inhabitants. Two-fifths of all the world's railroads are here and two-thirds of all the automobiles. One-half of all the roads in the world are in the United States. One-third of all the coal. And everything else is here in great abundance. No land is so fortunate. And so, with about one-half the annual income of the entire world, you are not inheriting a poor and hopeless future.

Yes, if you were my boy I would want you to see all these things and know your land and people. For soon you and your generation will receive the keys to this vast treasure.

As we cross the country into the West we should leave economics and industry aside for a moment and pause to admire the natural beauty of such places as are found in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Oregon. Natural beauty is an asset as rich as gold and pays dividends that will sustain the culture of the race.

Public money may sometimes be spent recklessly, lives may be wasted in useless wars, a whole nation sunk in economic gloom, but beauty remains and endures. And that is one of the things we live by. The beautiful hills that rise over the land, the rivers that weave through the valleys, the color of the rocks and sand, the great peace and warm silence of the deserts, all, all go to make a land heavily endowed with natural richness. Certainly no single European nation and possibly no other nation

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in the world is stocked with such a bountiful variety of nature's goods.

Yes, all this we would see. And as we pass through certain congested areas, the slums of Pittsburgh or New York or Chicago, you may look surprised. Yes, it is a shock. How can a land be so beautiful and rich and have such filthy rubbish deposits? Do they go together? No. That is one thing that we will speak about when we speak of work. For that is a task that has already been begun and that you will have to complete. It is well worth doing. As we journey on we will notice many other very obvious engineering jobs that soon you will be undertaking. This is only our inspection tour.

We have been covering a lot of ground. We have gone from coast to coast, a distance of over three thousand miles. We have crossed great rivers and high ranges of mountains. We have remarked that our distances extend for interminable miles. And if we figure it out we find that all of England, France and Germany could fit snugly into two of our good-sized sunny states such as Texas and New Mexico. When we say they could fit we mean only in a surveyor's sense—the area in square miles. We do not mean that we would like to see such a transplantation. Texas and New Mexico have vast areas of arid desert and waterless territories dotted with prickly cactus. The land also holds the poison of rattlers, lizards and tarantulas. Yes, all this is true. But we have no poison as vicious and as corroding as the intrigue between European lands. Those fine old European cultures, that box of ancient cobwebs, that dust for the eyes of humanity, has the salt of intrigue for its very base. That civilization could not exist in the frank open sunny spaces. Yes, that is something we must think about seriously.

We all spring from European stock and in this new land we have been throwing off a part of our heritage. We must sort out the good from the bad and get rid of that last trace of intrigue that is so much part of the culture of Europe. It does not belong over here.

And so, if you were my boy I would want you to see your land and your people, and think of all these things that I have suggested.

And perhaps, if we add all the things together, such as the vastness of the land, the resources, natural beauties, and the great wealth, the snow-capped peaks and the sunshine, perhaps if we add all these together and also throw in the fact that there is little or no intrigue of the dark underhanded European variety, when we say all this we can understand at once that there are countries in the world who are less fortunate and who are very envious. And envy leads to bitterness and bitterness makes us enemies. And these enemies we should know because if you were my boy I would want you to know from the start who are our friends and who we may not trust. —MANUEL KOMROFF

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THE WAKE

'TWAS A SAD AND CRUEL THING, THE DEATH OF BRAVE TUMAUS, BUT IT WAS A GOOD WAKE

WHEN Tumaus Muldoon died most of the people of our little village went to the wake. It was a sad passing, they said, for he was only thirty-nine years. He had been a great athlete in his youth, the champion of the countryside, but he had gone to America to work in the Pittsburgh steel-mills. There his health broke, and he had come home to die amongst his own. And so we went to hold sad vigil beside him before he was taken to his final resting-place in the meadow of the dead.

His father met us at the half-door and led us to the bed where Tumaus was stretched. We knelt down, crossed ourselves, and said our *Aves* for his soul. He made a fine-looking corpse, as everybody said, but it was strange to see him we had known as so active in youth now to be so stilled in the final dignity of death.

At the head of the bier, in the place reserved for the chief mourners, two women sat together in the secret joinery of sorrow. One was his mother, dry-eyed, for the springs of her sorrow were emptied. The other was Maura Dunleavy, with a different grief on her, for she was the dead man's girl.

The room was full of people, with most of the characters of the village found at a wake, all sitting quietly in the gloom and holding watch beside the body, their faces umbered in the low glow of the turf fire.

It was the evening time, the long eerie Irish twilight with the vague melancholy that creeps over the land at such an hour and troubling men's hearts under it. There was a quietness everywhere, save for the sounds outside, the homely noises from the farmyard, the stables and the byres where the stock were resting for the night, and from farther away the rumor of God's furry creatures and little earthy things making much ado in the hedgy night and busy in their grassy-green kingdoms, the raucous croak of a frog giving praise as best it knew, the reedy cry of a fern-owl, the lyric song of a cricket or the final note of a lapwing. And in the house itself reigned silence too, broken only by the scraping of a brogan shoe along the hummocky floor or the scratch of a match on the side of a trousers

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leg or the muffled cough of a smoker.

It was Malachi Michael O'Rourke who first broke the silence because he was the village oldster and could have his say before anyone else in the barony. He stroked his patriarchal bipartite white beard, which he wore in the manner of the ancient Gaelic kings.

"Ach, 'twas the sad day and the dry day too, and I walking down the road with my tongue parched for a drink of water—for there was nothing else to drink, bad luck to it."

" 'Tis the cruel and bitter thing," said Shaemus Keough, the village fiddler, "to be hearing the winds of thirst roaring in your belly, and a man liable to drop down dead any minute."

"Ach, sure what whiskey won't cure nothing will cure, even if it be sorrow itself," said Malachi Michael, as he gazed toward a table covered with bottles of full-bodied golden Irish whiskey. "But here comes the good man of the house now, and 'tis drink to the fine lad lying there on his bier we will this night and give him a hearty send-off."

Now all eyes were turned toward the table. The tumblers were filled and passed around. The thought of the drinks loosened the tongues of the house, and the talk grew in prayer and praise of the dead man.

" 'Twas the fine upstanding broth of a boy he was," said Malachi Michael, "our brave Tumaus lying there and him as mild as new milk now, God's luck to him. A fine boy."

"Is it feel sorry for Tumaus?" said Tim the Tinker. "When 'tis sorry for ourselves we should be, and is it pity the dead we'd be doing when 'tis pity the living we should be and they parched by time."

"True for you," broke in Dermot Malone, the publican, "isn't he in the valleys of brightness now and swapping jokes with the cherubim and the seraphim. And may he find an ale-house by the way."

"Ach, let us put woe and sorrow from us like a pair of old shoes," said Malachi Michael. "True enough, Tumaus has no need of our pity and him gone up into the heroical fountains. And isn't Death the bright jewel of all, a man finds in the dark . . . Pass me that bottle till I tell you . . ."

But by this time Shawn O'Conaher, the schoolmaster, had arisen to give the lineage and ancestry of the dead man, and he had all the genealogical tables of the barony hidden in the remote byways of his brain going back hundreds of years; and he could trace the list of Irish kings going back to Noah and the Flood itself, the way great Homer himself wouldn't be in it, they said. So the house listened while he spoke.

There was a sudden lull as he finished, until the buzz of voices grew again. A sign from the man of the house bade all be still. The room was hushed now as it waited for the "keen" or lamentation over the dead.

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A woman entered from an inner room. The father rose to meet her and led her to the seat of the chief mourners where she spoke to the mother in low tones. She was Una Mulholland, the champion "keener" or lamenter of the countryside, and well paid she was for her services. She was well respected, for she was versed in the wise Gaelic lore and she had a power in her curses, they said, would gap a hatchet or split a tree.

She went to the bier and stood there quietly, her long black cloak fastened at her throat by a pale-gold Celtic brooch. She knelt by the corpse and said a prayer in a dead silence. She stood up and threw back her hood, revealing the swift silver of her hair that fell on her shoulders. She was a bright-browed woman of pale face and eyes as black as two sloes or two blackberries on the briar. She was a woman in her forties but looked older, in the way of keening women, in a sense older than the earth on which she stood; and in the golden candlelight she seemed a figure out of some classic frieze of antiquity, and there was something of the immemorial aspect of womanhood about her.

All eyes looked at her, for to everyone present she was gifted with the secret traditional wisdom of the race. For a moment she stood there, her lips curved between a breath and unsaid word, and holding her hands over the body she began to chant in low monotone:

"Ochone, there he lies now and there was not his like for fleetness of foot over hill and droum and grassy billow of the land, not his like in the four fair fields of Eirinn, not his like in the games on the hurling field where he was gifted with victory. But cold now is his bed and silent his repose.

"Will you speak to me, Tumaus, my fair-haired one, my bouchail boy? Sure, 'twas only yestreen you went away to the land of America with the flush of the fox-glove on your cheek and left us who knew you since you learned your prayers with your mother's milk and followed the wild hen along the Maigue. But you will not hear!

"Will you hear your girl who sits there, your Maura acushla, the soft-spoken one, a gentle queen-woman more beautiful than the singing of the birds or summer's leaves, a pearl of a woman to light your way. Are you listening alanav to her, and you to be happy together with the feastings and high dancings and the sports and the music, you that found love in her silken bosom, that put the heart in her breast astray. And you would not find her like for beauty, her beauty that would make the saints themselves grow jealous and fall out of the sky.

"But you will not hear her, and her heart will never more beat to your footstep, you that were her sunshine and her joy, you, the bud of the thorn that has pierced her heart. Long now will she cry by the windy hill and

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mountain stream and you will not come to her, for you are gone.

"Will you listen to your mother, Tumaus? 'Tis your mother now that calls you, pulse of her heart. She has wept for you Tumaus, and you so long in your sleeping with the paleness on your face. Is it the stranger must carry her to her grave? But ochone he will not hear, for cold and silent now is his repose."

She clenched her hands above her head and rose in her standing to her full height, voicing curses in Gaelic and illustrating the power of Irish hatred, as she rose above the dead man, above the room into a tirade against the enemies of the race, as if she voiced the hushed historic hate of Irish hearts against their oppressors.

"Ochone, my grief that you are dead, you of the good blood, of the seed of the Gael, of the breed of Ir, of the children of Milith. My seven thousand curses on the foul invader that came from across the seas, upstarts that stole the lands of our nobles, the despoilers and ravagers who wasted our land till the ass could not soothe his hunger or quench his thirst. My curses on them that scattered the sons of the Gael the wide world over to be swallowed up in the strange land of America and to be gone astray.

"O God of the graces, he will not answer. Withered now are the green branches of his spirit and their splendor is shaken. He will hear us no more. Ochone, he was a man, whose days are as the grass, as the flowers of the field and so he flourishes, but the bitter black wind passes over them and they are gone, and the place thereof will know them no more."

With this Biblical ending she dropped into a low Gaelic monotone and sang the *Death Song of Osgar* and ceased. She knelt down by the bier again, and a hush came on the house as she prayed, broken only by the clock's tick-tocking and the faint under-song of the kettle on the hob. She arose and sat beside the mother.

"Amen to that," said Malachi Michael, and the house echoed, Amen. " 'Twas the fine caoine you gave, woman," he continued, "and 'tis drink to it myself I will this night, and himself deserving it."

Now the whiskey was passed around once more with more toasts to the dead. The period of grief was formally over; and the merry, laughing words were flung out in hearty farewell and in wishing the spirit happiness with his peers in the other land.

So the night wore on until the red peat fell into white ashes and the grey dawn came up thinning out the holy candlelight. Malachi Michael, having by now, as he said, put the desire of drink from him swayed to his feet, grasped his blackthorn stick and groped his way to the half-door, followed by Tim the Tinker and the others, and all in happy mood because they knew it was a good wake.

—T. F. Healy

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SCENES FROM "THE TEMPEST"

The strangely beautiful effect of phantasy that Shakespeare created in *The Tempest* is transmitted almost intact in this series of six water colors by the contemporary Belgian artist, Victor Stuyvaert. In the reproduction above, Stuyvaert gives his impression of Miranda.

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THE WRECK

Mariners: All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! *Voices:* Mercy on us!—We split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—We split, we split, we split! *Gonzalo:* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. I would fain die a dry death.

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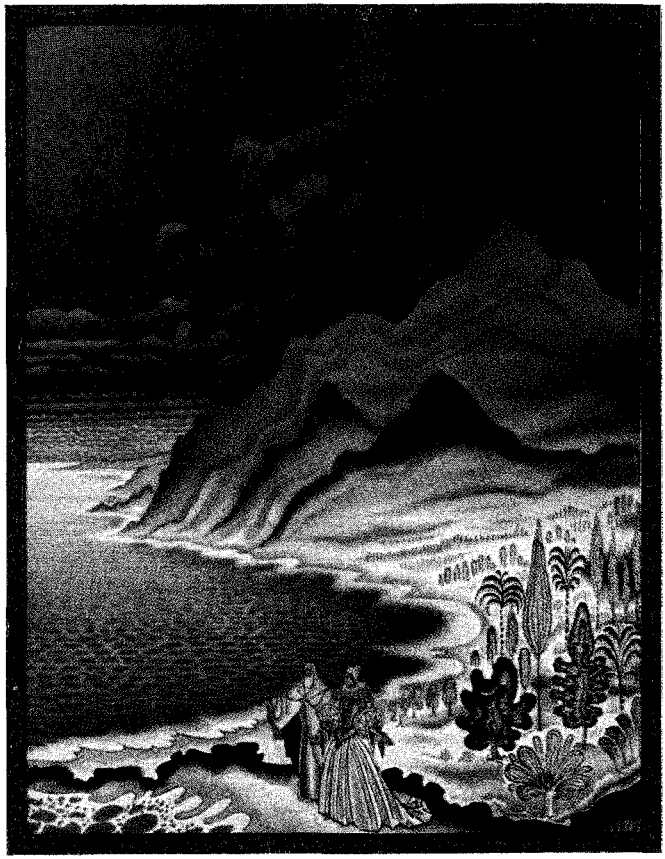

MIRANDA AND PROSPERO

Miranda: What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed was't, we did? *Prospero:* Both, both, my girl: by foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence but blessedly holp hither. *Miranda:* O! my heart bleeds to think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to.

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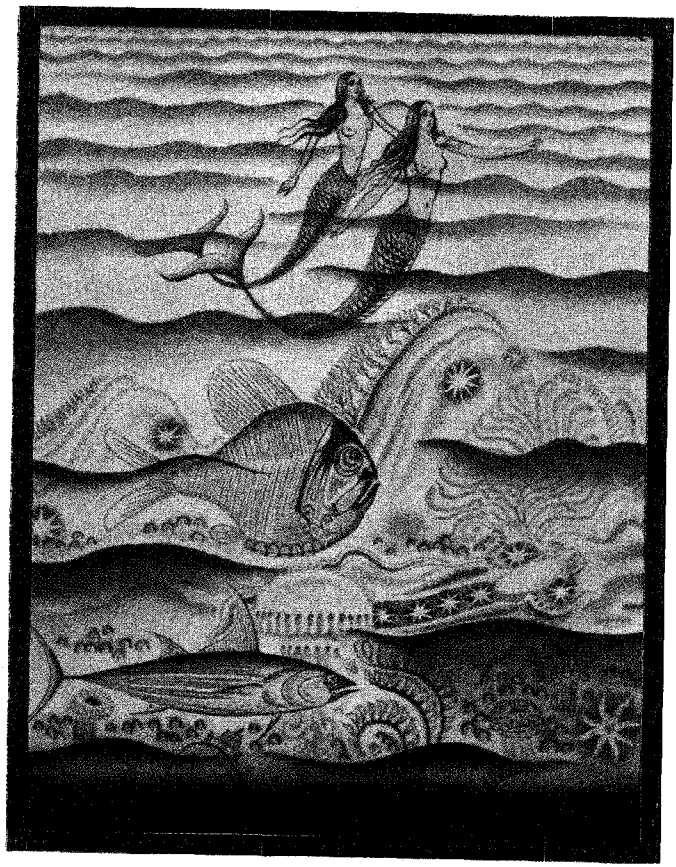

ARIEL'S SONG

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes: Nothing of him that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

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MIRANDA AND FERDINAND

Miranda: What is't? a spirit? I might call him a thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble. *Ferdinand:* Most sure the goddess on whom these airs attend! My prime request is, O you wonder! If you be maid, or no? *Miranda:* No wonder, sir; but, certainly a maid.

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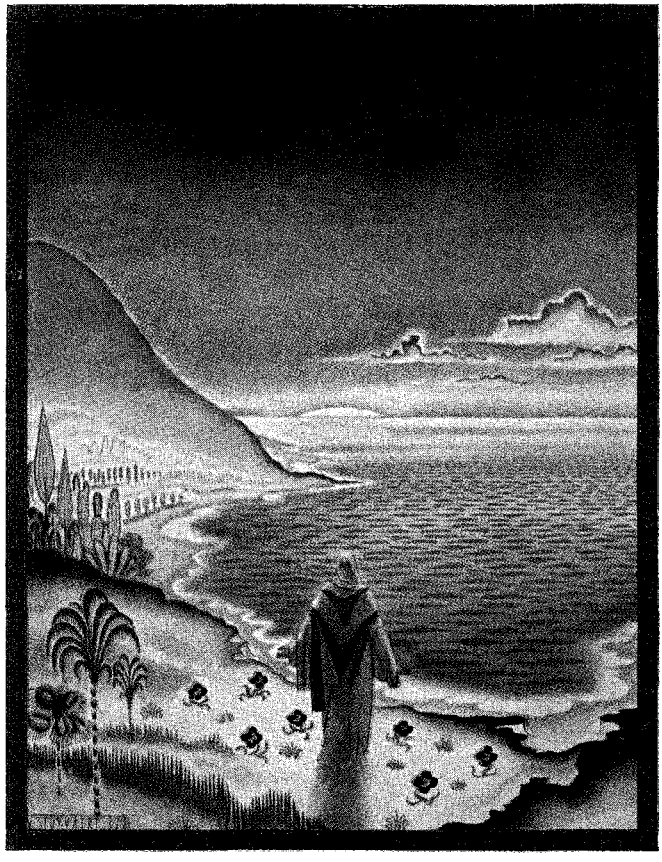

PROSPERO

Our revels now are ended. These our actors, as I foretold you, were all spirits, and are melted into air, into thin air . . . and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

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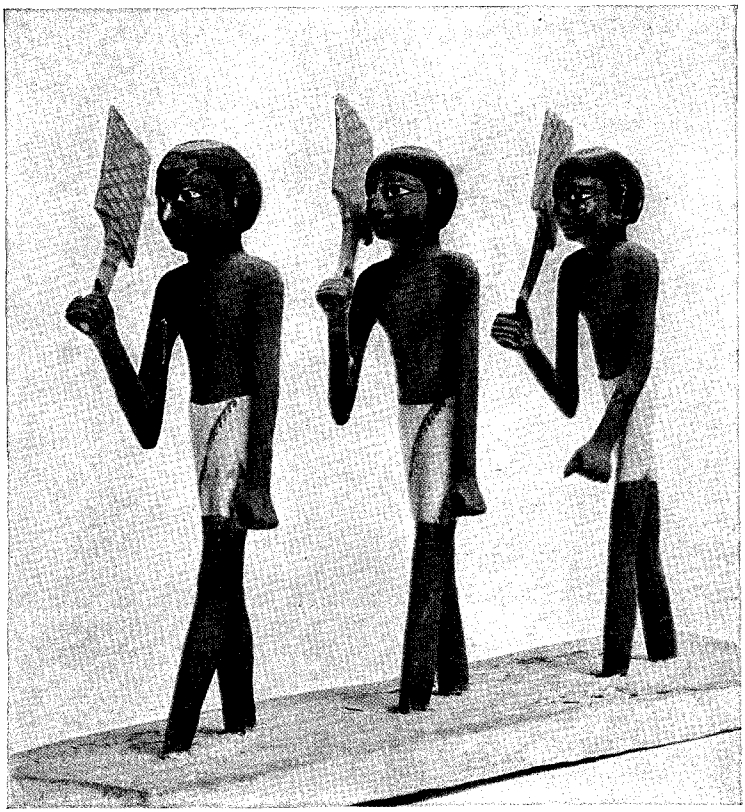

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

SIX GROUPS OF EGYPTIAN "ANSWERERS"

At one time it was the custom among the ancient Egyptians, at the death of a wealthy noble, to put his slaves to the sword and bury them in his tomb so that they might accompany their master into the next world and administer to his needs. The little wooden figures shown on this and the following five pages, standing about a foot high, constituted an improvement over this practice, at least as far as the slaves were concerned. As early as 2400 B. C. hundreds of these lifelike "answerers," representing every conceivable form of daily labor, were deposited in the tombs of the nobility. Thus, when in the Kingdom of Osiris the deceased was called upon to work, he had but to recite a spell and the proper puppet would "answer" for him.

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WOMAN CARRYING BASKET OF LOAVES

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MAN USING HOE

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SERVANTS MAKING BREAD

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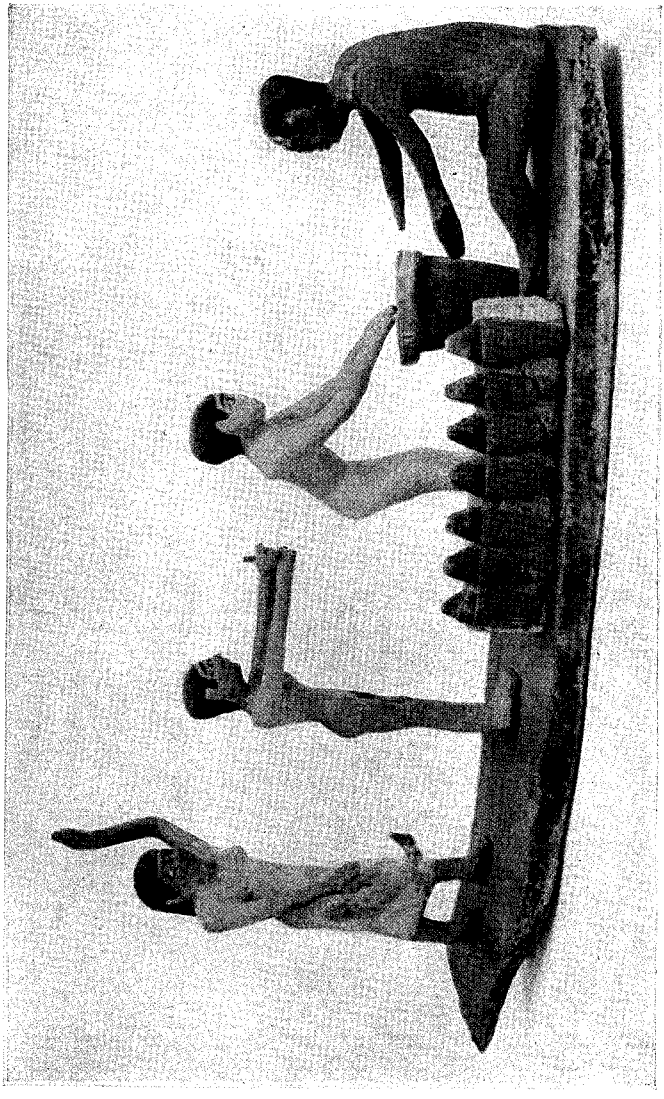

SERVANTS MAKING BEER

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BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

MAN FANNING FIRE

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THE OTTAWA NAPOLEON

ONE BY ONE THE BRITISH FORTS WERE SACKED IN THE BLOODY PONTIAC CONSPIRACY OF 1763

IN THE two and a half centuries of intermittent warfare between the red Indians and the white men in the New World only once did the savages make a concerted effort to dislodge their foes in one bold and crafty campaign. That effort is known as the Pontiac Conspiracy of 1763. It ended in failure, but it remains as an example of brilliant generalship on the part of Chief Pontiac, an Ottawa whose eloquence and leadership nearly led to the annihilation of the British from Lake Michigan to the Appalachian Mountains.

The American Indians, whatever their superiority physically and in knowledge of the wilderness, lacked the ability to organize and to unite even for their common defense. Each tribe was jealous of its own prowess and unwilling to affiliate with any other nation. The Five Nations of the Iroquois, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cuyugas and the Senecas, were the exceptions, and they confederated chiefly to satisfy their lust for war.

Pontiac was born about the year 1720 on the Maumee River in what is now northwestern Ohio. By 1755 he was known to be the leader of a loose confederation of Ottawas, Ojibwas and Pottawattomies. About this time, although his Indians did not care particularly whom they fought, Pontiac must have seen that the steady encroachments of the English and the weakening of the French would affect the lives of his people. Not even the disastrous defeat of Braddock halted the British, while the French slowly yielded ground and surrendered their military posts. Quebec fell to General Wolfe. Then Montreal surrendered and all Canada was humbled.

Pontiac soon learned that there was a difference between the French and the British methods of colonial administration. The French had always been friendly to the Indians. They had seemed to be interested chiefly in the fur-trade; their first colonies were established to serve as fur depots. To encourage the Indians to bring in furs and provisions the French had always welcomed them to the forts. Upon occasions the French had even helped the Indians with clothing and food.

The British, on the other hand,

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were more interested in establishing permanent settlements and therefore in persuading the Indians to keep their distance. Particularly did they mistrust those Indians who had formerly been the allies of the French. They discontinued the French custom of giving gifts and unceremoniously ushered them from the forts. Their rudeness was to cost them dearly.

For Pontiac soon realized that the British policy would sooner or later deprive his people of their hunting-lands. His mistrust was fed by the French who remained in the vicinity; they hinted that the French king would, at least surreptitiously, assist in any campaign to dislodge the British invaders.

By 1762 Pontiac was convinced that only the annihilation of the British would make the region of the Great Lakes again safe for the red man. From the Allegheny River to Lake Michigan a series of military posts spread across the wilderness. But to attack one fort might prove disastrous, for the next fort could send reinforcements to its assistance. Carefully, he studied the frontier. If, at one fell stroke, every British post could be razed! Such a simultaneous attack along five hundred miles of wilderness would prevent one group from helping the other. Surely then British influence would be permanently destroyed.

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Such became Pontiac's plan. It demanded extensive organization and secrecy and united effort on the part of numerous tribes. But it also took into consideration the Indians' individualistic habits: each tribe would attack the fort within its vicinity. After the fort was destroyed—each tribe urged to do as well as its neighbors in that respect—the braves would be free to raid the defenseless settlements, to loot and pillage until the last redcoat was either gone or had been dragged into the dust.

In 1762 Pontiac sent messengers to every friendly tribe. These messengers bore the broad and long war belts of black and purple wampum and carried tomahawks, symbolically stained red. Before the council fires the messengers flung the tomahawks and, with the wampum belts in their hands, repeated the persuasive words of the chief of the Ottawas.

From Lake Superior to the Ohio, from the Mississippi to the Allegheny, the message was carried. Wisely, in an eloquent speech, Pontiac also counseled his red brothers that they must return to the ways of their forefathers and shun the white man's habits, his guns, his blankets, and above all, his firewater which made fools of brave warriors. He uttered these words in a story of an Indian who had been in the presence of the Great Spirit and had been thus advised; for Pontiac was a member of the medicine group of his tribe and such a tale was regarded as semi-prophetic coming from his lips.

So the tribes were inflamed and so

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the conspiracy was planned. Pontiac himself would attack and reduce Detroit, strongest of all the fortified settlements.

It is amazing that the secret of the conspiracy should have been kept for so many months. Then the Ojibwas descended upon the fort at Mackinac and invited the officers and privates to attend a game of ball between themselves and a band of Sacs. Suspecting nothing, the British opened the gates of the fort. The garrison had relaxed discipline anyway in honor of the king's birthday.

All watched the game. Suddenly the ball flew near the gate. The players ran toward it. In a moment the whoops of sport had changed to whoops of war. Before the soldiers could get back to the fort the massacre had begun. Pontiac's first objective had been won.

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The leader of the conspiracy was already at Detroit. But his crafty plan to take the fort by surprise failed. An Indian squaw had warned Major Gladwin, the commander that Pontiac and his band would enter the fort with sawed-off muskets under their blankets, murder in their hearts. Immediately Gladwin had made every preparation.

When, as planned, Pontiac and several of his followers entered the fort every British soldier was wearing sidearms, every officer his sword. Pontiac realized he had been betrayed. But he carried on without evincing dismay. However, he did not give the signal for attack—every member of the garrison had his hands on a weapon.

Calmly Pontiac ended the exchange of addresses. Then abruptly, the major accused him of treachery. Pontiac denied it. The commander pulled aside the blanket of the Indian nearest to him and there was a concealed gun! The great Pontiac had been outwitted.

On May 9 he besieged Detroit but the settlement withstood attack after attack. Elsewhere the Indians were more fortunate. On May 16 Wyandottes captured Fort Sandusky. On May 25 Fort St. Joseph fell. On May 27 Fort Miami, on the site of Fort Wayne, Indiana, surrendered to red warriors. On June 1 Fort Oniatanon fell. On June 16 Fort Presque Isle, where Erie, Pennsylvania, is today, was captured by the Indians. Two days later a war party occupied Fort LeBoeuf. Shortly thereafter they took Fort Venango. On June 22 the Indians attacked Fort Pitt but there, too, they met a strong enemy and finally had to besiege the post.

Fort Niagara, holding its own, finally dispatched reinforcements to Detroit. Schooners sent through Lake Erie with food and supplies were captured by the Indians, but the reinforcements under Captain Dalzell got through. Greatly cheered, the white commanders now planned to surprise Pontiac. They made a night raid on his camp—but Pontiac was waiting for them and the British were routed

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at a bridge suitably called Bloody Run.

But the long siege brought disaffection to the Indian ranks. Not even Pontiac could keep the restless bands from becoming discouraged with this kind of warfare. Soon various bands sued for separate peace with the English. Then word came that France and England had signed a treaty of peace verifying the transfer of these lands into British hands.

Into October Pontiac and his Ottawas continued the siege. And then Jeffrey Amherst, in charge of all the British colonial forces, sent two fresh armies west of the Allegheny Mountains. The expedition under Colonel Bouquet decisively defeated Indian forces at Bushy Run in Pennsylvania and forced the tribes to sue for peace.

Then Colonel Bradstreet marched on Detroit with some three thousand men. Pontiac realized that the conspiracy had failed. He retreated from Detroit, but he did not give up his plan to destroy the British.

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Now Pontiac attempted to arouse the tribes in what is now Indiana and Illinois. He asked the French for aid but was rebuffed. He sent messengers down the Mississippi to urge the tribes to close in and repel the British. With his own warriors he went from village to village stirring the tribes to action.

Listening to his eloquent words the Indians were stirred. When he was gone they slipped back to their lethargic ways. And the messengers returned from down the river with word that France had given the land to Spain!

Prudently Pontiac decided that the day of war had passed. For the time there must be peace. He was resigned. He went to the Wabash River to meet George Croghan, the English Commissioner, and to him tendered the calumet, the pipe of peace. The Conspiracy was over.

After that the defeated Chief returned to his home on the Maumee River. But as long as he lived he was the symbol of a brilliantly planned rebellion that had almost succeeded. Even in defeat he was a commanding figure. Having once planned to win by treachery the English could never be certain that he was not once more plotting against them. He was under fifty and still a powerful warrior—

In 1769 he was visiting St. Louis. One night he returned to Cahokia across the Mississippi River. Bribed by an English trader, an Illinois Indian, fortified with liquor, waited until the Chief had stepped into the forest —one cruel blow with a tomahawk and the brainpan of Pontiac was split open.

But even his death brought war and at Starved Rock the Illini Indians were all but exterminated by the Pottawattomies, who thus revenged the murder of the great Chief. In craft, subtlety and ability to organize, Pontiac was to be equaled only by Tecumseh, the Shawnee Indian who was born a year before the Ottawa Napoleon was assassinated. Not yet was white supremacy to go unchallenged.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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A NOTE FROM ANONYMITY

YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES, GLIMPSED THEIR LIVES AND WITNESSED THEIR MANNER OF DEATH

I KNOW that you will remember if I should recall the time and the place. It was on toward the end of summer in Arizona or New Mexico or one of those places, and you were rolling along in a blue sedan. A pretty girl was sitting by your side. Maybe she was your sweetheart or wife. I don't know. Then, remember, a section of road was under construction. The smooth oiled highway changed to soft gravel. A truck and tractor and bulldozer stood beside the road.

You slowed to pass and saw a row of dirty laborers sitting in the shade of the truck. They held white sandwiches in dirty bronzed hands and stuffed them into unsmiling dirty faces. When they caught your eye, they stared with lumps of food sticking in their cheeks. You smiled; the girl smiled and waved, and you passed by. One of the men grinned through clenched teeth that stopped his full mouth. Remember? That was me.

I remember that I waved sort of condescendingly. We pleased your fancy, a sweet for the imagination. But you were on vacation and pretty soon forgot. The torn up part of the road ended and you hit it up. The smooth hum of rubber on pavement, the clean desert wind that whistled and all filled you with contentment. You turned to the girl. "They've built a fine lot of road in the last few years," you said. She smiled.

Well, about that time I was out in the hot afternoon sun vibrating at the end of one of those jackhammers. The sweat ran down my face and chest and arms. Steve, the fellow you saw next to me in the shade of the truck, shouted something about ". . . like to be . . . in car . . . with blonde . . ." I laughed. The hammer jammed. I cursed. *They*, hell. I was there.

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Then I remember another time. You were hell-bent that day for respite from that office. It was out near the southern part of the state where the hills begin to roll, and farms lay upon farms. Brown and green rows of rich autumn harvest fanned by as you drove. The day was clear blue, and milk white clouds raced with a fresh wind. Far away in the perspectiveless fields tiny indistinct men stood about a blowing thresher.

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It was all too beautiful. "The man with the plow." You wondered how it might be instead of those long days, weeks, months back at the office. In fact, lost in the hypnotic drumming of the motor, you thought that it might be.

That night when you returned home, it was no longer the same. The neat house and square lawn and trim trees and all suffocated. A niche. And when you sat to dinner with your friends, you wanted to say, "I'd like to chuck the whole damned thing and get me a farm." But they talked too much and laughed too loud. You tried to remember.

Joe said that he saw Molly today, and someone said was she married yet, and Joe said, "What do you mean 'yet'." And they all laughed. You tried to remember. Then they talked about Jim and Dan, Dan who is out of a job. And you forgot.

Outside it was dusk. The neon signs went on and off, red in the dusk. A car and then two more whirred down the boulevard. Soon the evening haste. You got up and said, "Let's go to a movie."

That same dusk brooded a hazy departure out our way. I lay for a long time near the cooling thresher and watched the clouds color with the evening. Scraps of thoughts about the crop and the season and kids and the sky snatched at my brain. Pretty soon Charlie came up and shoved me with his foot. "Chow," he said.

"Look at the sky, Charlie," I said.

"Rain soon," he said. "Let's eat."

I got up. We walked to the house. I was plenty hungry. The clouds were already turning black.

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I have to smile when I think that the place where we have seen each other the most you will hardly remember me. How many times you have stood at the rail that surrounds the excavation and watched us at work. You can't even count them. Remember the steam shovel that snorted and nibbled at the mucky clay, and the gaunt awkward crane that swung here and there with its pendant burden. They are as familiar to me as that typewriter is to you.

And remember how quickly the steel frame rose from the crater we had dug. We gloried in the rise of that skeleton, higher and higher with each new girder. Up there the wind whipped at us, caught at the frame. We swayed with the frame, laughed and shouted into the wind. Creating!

But the rising frame, ugly and naked, the sharp staccato rhythm of the riveting gun, harsh, were soon too familiar for interest. You hurried through your reiterate routine. Then one day the whole thing was covered with stone and form. And you said, "God but that building went up fast." It did. We're a crack crew.

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That time you went through the steel mill. Awed you were with the cathedral-like, almost Vulcan, grandeur of the place. The flaming furnaces

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that danced colors up to the ceiling, the sparkling, white hot pourings, and the chain of leathery men rocking with endless effort to feed the fires.

"New Gods," you thought pleased with the clever conception. Well, remember that tall fellow who stood at the first furnace? He was skinned in sweat that reflected the red of the flames. I knew you'd remember. Sure, that was me.

Later you saw us in the newsreel. It was about the steel strike. You were only lukewarm interested until a fat cop smashed one of my friends on the head. You sat up in your seat. Boy, that was the real thing. In that instant you remembered me. Then you read about it in the paper and read it all. But the reports grew tiresome and you glanced over the headlines. Yet the persistence of the fellows annoyed and you said, "What in hell do those fellows want? They were given a bonus and a raise and still they holler." You began to hate me. The newspapers tired too. They told about us on the last page, and you turned to the sports, and left me to think alone of the jobless winters and the union and changing times.

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Oh, there were times and times—Main Street and the square. A match to borrow, a glance at sorrow—times, times. How many times we have stood eye to eye, so close that our breaths were upon each! You closed in you and me in me, and you went your way and I went mine. Lost in our troubles how we walked the street and rubbed our shoulders and did not meet. How many times!

I know that you will never forget the last time that we ever met. It was that night you were out taking a walk by the river. There were no clouds, but the night was inky black. Remember, you stood on the bridge that goes over to the island and watched the lights from the city's towers rise and fall on the oily waves.

A barge set out up shore a way. You watched it because it was the only moving object on the water. Suddenly on the black silhouetted boat there glowed a spark. That was me smoking my pipe on the deck of the barge in the night.

Perhaps you would have thought no more of it but a voice behind disturbed your revery. "That must be a hell of a job," it said.

You turned and saw a policeman. He was watching the boat too, and caught in the congeniality of two alone in the black night you said, "Why, what does the boat do?"

"That's the funeral barge that carries the unidentified corpses to the paupers' grave on the island."

You looked at the island and the boat in the night. Then you saw the many plain boxes that lined the poop. A million thoughts crowded into your head and stuck in your ears, for they were thoughts about death. Your glance fell on the box near the end. You stared. Remember? That was me.

—LEONARD CHAN

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POWER FROM THE HILLS

TRACING THE GENESIS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION TO A LITTLE TOWN IN VERMONT

Just why the village of Windsor, Vermont, and the country immediately around it, should have been such a prolific source of men whose inventive ideas interpenetrate our lives today is one of the mysteries of geography. There must have been some elixir of mountain air, some strange mingling of earth and water, in that narrow region of hill and valley, that stimulated the birth and growth of men adept to dream into reality the machines whose power upon the future they themselves could surely not foresee.

From the time of the American Revolution there had been a quirk of invention in Windsor. One man of the place built a primitive smelter and foundry where he smelted the local bog-ore and hammered it into wrought iron. Another man designed and built sawmills. Another invented a new kind of water wheel and a threshing machine. Another invented a ruling and dividing machine. Another devised an ingenious high-pressure revolving steam engine and in 1793 applied it successfully in a steamboat on the Connecticut River —fourteen years before Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, fitted with English-built engines, made its first trip on the Hudson.

This was the background. Out of this background rose four distinguished inventive minds, each with a definite influence on the man who followed him. Through these four men runs an expanding idea which has a profound impact on your life and mine today. Their story is an exciting and untold chapter in American history.

The first of the four was Asahel Hubbard. There is a portrait of Hubbard, painted perhaps by one of those itinerant artists who went from door to door in New England in the days of our great-grandfathers. It shows a charming handsome face, dark eyes and hair, a tall white stock—a man you might guess to be a poet or a diplomat. It is startling to learn that Hubbard as a young man in the 1820's was a jack-of-all-trades who was running a combination machine shop, sawmill and gristmill just outside Windsor village. Before that he had given a turn to teaming and tavern-tending. In Asahel Hubbard's

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brain was sleeping an idea big for the future.

It happened that there was in a town near-by a man named Cooper, an inventor of sorts, who had contrived a rotary pump. Cooper started to build and sell his device. But the pump was a failure. Too much friction and "slip." Customers sent it back in disgust. Cooper's company went bankrupt.

Asahel Hubbard saw one of the pumps. He saw the possibilities of the rotary idea, set out to redesign the pump. He made his first model of wood, carved by hand. Then he made a model of cast iron, formed in hand-carved molds. This revolving hydraulic pump was the direct ancestor of the rotary pump now used for the cooling and oil systems of your automobile. Hubbard got his invention protected by a patent signed by John Quincy Adams.

Now comes the surprising and significant thing about Hubbard. He began to build his pumps on the system of interchangeable parts! Hitherto, pumps and all other machinery had been built individually. That is, the parts of a machine fitted only each other, and the only way to replace a broken part was to make a special part like it. The interchangeable system, of course, means that the corresponding parts are identical in all machines of the same type.

The interchangeable idea was in the air, and Hubbard realized more clearly than anyone that, for the convenience of the customer, any appliance to be sold widely must be made on the interchangeable system. Did he also glimpse the truth which underlies modern mass production—that duplicate manufacture enormously cuts costs? We do not know.

The absolute essential of the interchangeable system of manufacture is, of course, accuracy. There are two ways to attain that accuracy. One is for skilled mechanics to shape each part slowly, measuring at frequent intervals. But this is so costly that it outweighs all the advantages of interchangeability. The other way is to contrive special devices on your machine-tool to hold the work and guide the cutting tools so that the successive pieces are turned out identically alike. This method Hubbard adopted.

Hubbard began to sell his pump far and wide—a working proclamation of the idea that was to revolutionize material America.

In 1830, the "far western" city of St. Louis heard of Hubbard's invention and ordered a "huge pump" of twenty horse power for the city water works. Hubbard built the pump with care and then, because he was of an adventurous spirit and also because he wanted to see his pump put correctly to work, personally delivered it. He loaded it on a wagon, hauled it with oxen over the Green Mountains to Albany, transferred it to an Erie Canal boat, and so across New York State to Buffalo, put it on a schooner which carried it around the lakes to

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a small settlement called Chicago. There he shifted his "huge pump" onto a wagon again, hauled it across the prairie to the Illinois River, and thence downstream by flatboat to St. Louis.

But when it came to paying for the pump, the water company at St. Louis hadn't enough cash to meet the bill in full. So, can you imagine what occurred? A group of St. Louisans chipped in and presented Hubbard with a "fine pure-white saddle-horse!" With his cash in gold in a money belt, Asahel mounted his horse and rode eastward. Did he dream as he rode that in a century of time that principle of manufacture he was doing so much to spread abroad would drive the horse from those roads and fill them with flashing motor cars?

Hubbard's pioneer temper that had pushed him to adventure with machines drove him some ten years later to sell out his interest in the company he had helped found at Windsor, quit Vermont and plunge into the rough frontier life of the West. So he vanishes from our story.

The second of our four figures was Richard Lawrence, whose life was typical of the unsettled spirit of the time. As a boy he went with his parents from Vermont to New York State. After ups-and-downs of work in a plaster mill, on a farm, in a gun shop and a box factory, of tending bar and serving in the army on the Canadian border, Dick Lawrence trekked back over the mountains in 1838 to Windsor. He was twenty-one. He had a remarkable flair for guns. In his unpublished autobiography he tells amusingly how he astonished a doctor of Windsor by putting a peep sight on the doctor's rifle and sinking a bullet three times in succession into a three-fourths inch auger hole at twelve rods. The flabbergasted physician took Dick down to the Windsor shop, which was manufacturing Hubbard's pumps, guns, and other things. The shop hired Dick at $100 a year and board.

Swiftly Dick Lawrence rose to a partnership in the company. He got a contract for government rifles. To carry out the contract, Lawrence built special machine-tools and with them pushed Hubbard's principle of interchangeable manufacture into an international triumph for American industry. He sent six of his rifles to the Crystal Palace Exhibition at London in 1851. There, under the amazed eyes of a group of Britishers, mechanics took these six rifles apart, tumbled the parts in a heap, and then taking parts at random as they came to hand assembled six complete and perfect rifles!

When, soon afterward, the British Government sent a committee to the United States to study navy yards and arsenals, the experts journeyed up to this remote town in Vermont to see the man and the machines that had made those remarkable rifles. And presently there came to Richard Lawrence in the Vermont hills an order

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from the British Government for 150 machine-tools of his design to equip the new Imperial Armory at Enfield, England!

Up to now the Vermont community had built machine-tools only for its own needs, to manufacture its own inventions, be they pumps or guns or engines. Now it began to build machine-tools for the world.

This, the era from 1830 to 1860, was the Golden Age of America, the era "of vast designs and expectations," as Emerson wrote. A wave of invention swept the land. Two of these were machines which imperiously demanded interchangeable manufacture to fulfill their part in the life of an eagerly expanding nation. They were the reaper and the sewing machine. Their inventors, seizing on that principle which the Vermont community had done so much to justify, were able to produce these two inventions in quantity at a reasonable price and thus revolutionize the work of the fields and the home.

But, before interchangeable manufacture could reach this wide application, manufacturers needed a lathe which would turn out work more rapidly. Naturally, to shape the complicated parts of many modern machines and appliances, several cutting operations are necessary on each piece. So, the lathe must be stopped when one operation is finished, the cutting tool taken out, another cutting tool put in. This is a serious delay. Could it be avoided in any way?

The answer to that question was made by the third great figure of our Vermont community—Frederick W. Howe.

Howe brought to Windsor in 1847 the idea of planting a hexagonal "turret" or "capstan" on a sliding carriage on the lathe bed. The turret holds six different cutting tools in holders on its six faces. The turret slides up to the work, makes a cut with one tool, slides back, turns the next face, makes a cut, slides back, and so on, all automatically, till the six tools have done their job. This idea was not original with Howe. No doubt it had been brought to America by English mechanics. But it had not been perfected. Howe and Lawrence worked it out together in the Windsor shops.

The result, the turret lathe, has been called the most important mechanical achievement in the history of the world since the original invention of the lathe. The principle it established—the performance of a series of operations on the same piece of work automatically—is the key to economical production of duplicate parts, in other words, modern mass production.

And now came the invention which gave the interchangeable system its most amazing opportunity—the automobile. This brings us to the fourth in our chain of inventive minds. For it is an extraordinary and dramatic fact that the man who first built motor cars on that system was also a product of the Vermont elixir and was trained

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in the Windsor tradition. He was Henry Martyn Leland.

Born in 1843 a few miles north of Windsor, Leland got his training at Providence, Rhode Island, under this same Frederick Howe who had gone to Providence from Windsor as superintendent of a large industrial plant. From Howe, Leland learned the principles and technique of fine machining. Howe invented a sewing machine and Leland became head of the sewing machine department in the plant where both men worked. Leland invented a barber's hair clipper and turned the invention over to his employer. Presently the clipper was bringing in $1000 a day profit. Leland's reward was a raise of $3 a week. Disgusted, he resigned his job, pushed west to Detroit and set up as a builder of machine-tools on his own.

In the early years of this century, when he was past sixty, Henry Leland turned to the automobile. He designed and began to build the Cadillac car, the first automobile in the world produced on the system of interchangeable parts.

One of the most exciting memories of my life is of standing beside Henry Leland late in 1931, a few months before his death, near the window of his office high in a Detroit skyscraper, while he explained to me why he had decided to build his motor cars on that system. He foresaw, he said, a future for the motor car greater than any of his friends believed. He realized that to make it of general use it must be produced on the interchangeable system.

In 1906 he shipped three Cadillac cars to England. In the presence of officials of the Royal Automobile Society, mechanics completely took the three cars apart, heaped the parts together, mixed them thoroughly, and then out of the heap assembled three complete cars while the Englishmen stared in as much amazement, I imagine, as their grandfathers had stared at the assembly of Dick Lawrence's rifles in 1851. The three cars were then sent out for an exacting 500-mile test and came through triumphantly. Thus, Leland said to me, the Cadillac was established as the first American car to win the respect of Europeans who had thought, hitherto, that good motor cars must be hand-built.

That moment with Henry Leland was tragic to me, too, because this man who created the Cadillac and sold it to General Motors, then created the Lincoln and sold it to Ford, had through I know not what train of circumstance lost his fortune and now, at eighty-eight, felt that his life was ending in failure, and there below us as we talked was the great roaring city which his idea had done more than anything else to create. The moment was exciting, too, because as Henry Leland told his story I realized that his life reached almost back to the beginnings of the system which has made material America what it is.

—Webb Waldron

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SKETCHES

HUMOROUS AND GROTESQUE

By GUSTAVE DORÉ

Arrival of the Winner.

NOT only in his native France but in England and America as well, the fun-poking sketches of Gustave Doré went far toward enlivening the second half of the 19th century. Some of these sketches, representing the other side of the illustrator of Dante's *Inferno* and the Bible, were reproduced in the last issue of Coronet, and on this and the following five pages will be found another selection of Doré's best work in his light vein.

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AT THE RACES

A race as it appeared to a visitor who had never seen anything of the kind before.

The children should not get in the way—but then the nurses ought not to be gossiping with the soldiers.

It is quite possible for some of the more eager spectators to be too near the course in certain emergencies.

"I bet on Staggerer He's reserving his strength—a hundred yards behind—he has the race in hand!"

Sometimes it is inconvenient to be on duty at the races, some horses are *so* excitable.

"I've ten thousand francs to get from you, Monsieur." "Quite right!" (*And he tries to look as if he rather liked it.*)

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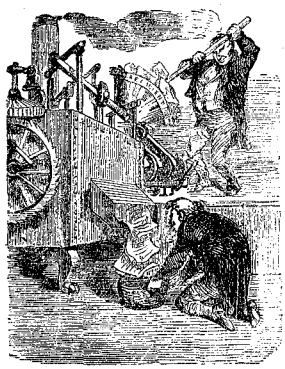
Until the resurrection of the journals, advertisers will be compelled to seek new methods of publicity.

The *Journal pour Rire* will continue to extend its influence, and to penetrate into the most remote solitudes.

Our superfine livery servants, no longer satisfied with the substantial wages they now demand, will expect to be waited on by their masters.



Alexandre Dumas will invent a machine by which he will manufacture his romances, without seeing or touching or thinking of them.

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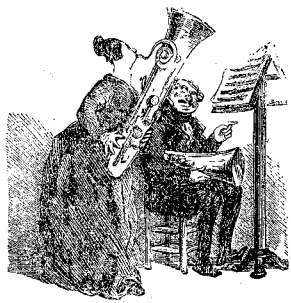
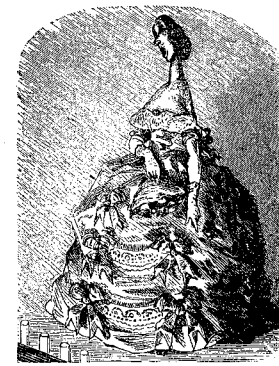
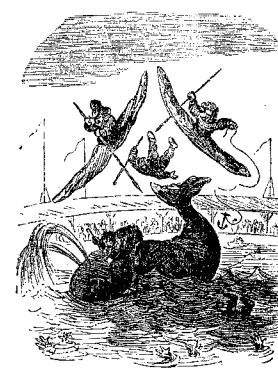


The pupils of the *Conservatoire de Musique* will continue to disdain foolish prejudices associated with their sex.



The notes of the *soprani* will become higher in proportion as their dresses become lower.

Aubert's colored caricatures will continue to delight children of all ages.



Ever anxious for novelty, the Hippodrome will send for some Esquimaux and change its arena into a polar sea.

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The generation that's going out will continue to look down with supercilious pity upon the generation that's coming in.

The newspapers will continue, by accounts of sea serpents and other monsters, to spread horror and consternation among their subscribers.

But they will likewise continue, in the morning, to contradict the horrifying facts they have announced over-night.

In short they will go on making their public believe that their wind-bags are lamps.

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THINGS THAT ARE AGREEABLE

It is very agreeable to pay an annual holiday visit to Paris—especially when it involves a great many visits to your experienced and skillful dentist.

It is very agreeable to meet someone in the streets at night, of whom you can ask your way, especially if that someone should appear as depicted above.

It is very agreeable to have a duck "bred on his own farm" sent to you by your dear provincial friend, especially when sent by express train at an expense of 17 francs, which you have to pay.

"Monsieur, what difference is there between your chocolate, and the Chocolate Menier?"
"Oh, Monsieur, there's a great difference."
"And what is this difference, may I ask?"
"Monsieur, ours is much dearer."

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THE VOICE

"LET ME OUT," THAT HARSH WHISPER SEEMED TO SAY—BUT IT WAS ONLY A HALLUCINATION

Now that the inquests are over and I have time to think the matter over in cold blood I can see, easily enough, that I was a victim of suggestion. But old Melhuish's manner was so convincing, and his actions were so realistic, that I am not ashamed now to admit I was influenced by them. At the same time the newspapers had published such fantastic accounts of the affair that I am having to take this course (which is fortunately open to me because writing stories is my trade) to explain exactly what happened.

Eight and a half years ago Mr. and Mrs. George Melhuish came to live as my neighbors. They bought the very old-fashioned rambling stone cottage at the end of the lane on which my house fronts. I liked him from the start; he was a placid and good-natured soul, a student of life. He had retired although he was still comparatively young—hardly fifty, I should say, when he first came. He told me the story when we came to know each other better. He had been a builder, until by a majority vote of the shareholders the business had been sold to a bigger combine. The transaction left him with a comfortable settled income but out of employment. A little too old to start afresh and build up a new business for himself, he had decided, like a sensible man, to settle down in the country where he had always wanted to live and enjoy himself.

I have just written "like a sensible man" but I am inclined to think that the decision was not too sensible when one remembers what sort of a wife he had. Mrs. Melhuish was a shrew—a nagging, spiteful, complaining woman with (I fancy) a taste for secret drinking. She was continually reminding him that she was better born than he—she was a year or two older, I believe, and perhaps may have contributed as dowry some of the money which helped to establish him in business. My own impression, in fact, is that George Melhuish married her for that very reason when she was an unattractive old maid—a publican's daughter, perhaps. If that is the case (and it is largely guesswork on my part) Melhuish paid a heavy price for the advantages she brought him.

He was a shortish man, who must

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have been fair before he went bald; a genial and gregarious old boy, I imagine, before he grew embittered by his wife's treatment of him. She, on the other hand, was tall and thin and dark, with chronic dyspepsia to all appearance, and with the sharpest tongue I have ever heard. She plagued him interminably.

Mrs. Melhuish had a voice which gave point to her nagging—it had a curiously sharp metallic tone, like the twanging of a wire. I heard it often enough in all conscience, because I was a frequent visitor at their house. Old Melhuish liked me—it was for that reason more than any other, I think, that he left me the house after his death—and Mrs. Melhuish for some time tolerated me as a representative of the literary and artistic world of London. She was a snob, and she was well content occasionally to entertain an author—even though the author drank beer with her husband in the kitchen instead of wearing dress clothes and eating dinner in the parlor.

Mrs. Melhuish had all the devilish ingenuity of the practiced shrew. I have seen poor old Melhuish turn white with anger and shame at some of her remarks; she could find the weak points in the poor old boy's armor every time, and I have writhed with sympathy for him over and over again. I don't think I should have gone to the cottage very often, except that old Melhuish was always so pathetically glad to see me. Later on I went because I was really worried about him. His wife might drive him mad—in fact I think that eventually she did.

I used to lend him books. He read so many that in the end he had gone through everything on my shelves, including, I fear, some that were not good for him in his tortured state of mind. I remember the impression that Edgar Allan Poe's short stories made upon him.

"That's a fine book," he said to me, patting it. "Very real, some of those stories are. Do you remember that one about the Cask of Amontillado?"

I did—it is the story of a man who walls up his enemy alive in a recess in his wine vaults.

"Yes," I said. "He conveys the atmosphere of horror marvelously well. Here's something a bit different. You'd better try it for a change."

"This" was Ernest Bramah's *Wallet of Kai Lung*—I thought that would be a good deal better for him than tales of horror.

Shortly after that my wife and I went away for a long holiday; it was four months before we came back and I saw Melhuish again. The incident that occurred the night before we left was made much of at the subsequent inquest, as anyone who happened to read the reports will remember, but it made a small enough impression on me at the time. Melhuish was actually out when I called to say good-bye—it was very rare nowadays that his wife allowed him out of her sight—but he

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came into the cottage within two minutes of my arrival. He threw down, as he walked into the yard, a great mass of clanking iron chains.

"What's all that stuff you're littering up my yard with, George?" demanded Mrs. Melhuish.

"Chains, my dear, just chains. I've been over to the auction at the Roundacre farm."

"And wasting your money, what little you've got," snapped Mrs. Melhuish.

"I've wasted sixpence of it, my dear. No one would bid for that lot. I thought I wouldn't miss sixpence."

"A pack of rubbish," said Mrs. Melhuish. "If you'd never thought you wouldn't miss sixpence we wouldn't be here now. What are you going to do with them, I should like to know?"

"I don't know," said Melhuish. "I thought they'd look well hung on the walls of the shed. Don't you think so, Mr. Forester?"

I nodded agreement, because I could never help agreeing with Melhuish against his wife.

"Fine," I said.

"There, you see, my dear? And if that doesn't do, I daresay I'll find a use for them."

That was all that was said, and in the light of later events it is easy to read a sinister meaning into the words. But I am sure that Melhuish was speaking with a clear conscience at the time.

We were away, as I have said, for four months and a trifle more, and it was only on our return that we had any news of our suburb. Almost the first we heard dealt with the departure of Mrs. Melhuish. She had left her husband suddenly, not very long after we had gone abroad. There had been a good deal of rumor going about regarding the matter. It was even said the police had been making discreet inquiries. According to what Melhuish had told the police (which had leaked out in the way even stories told to the police will leak out in country places), Mrs. Melhuish had packed up after one last terrible quarrel and gone to stay with her sister in Ireland. And as nothing suspicious had been found anywhere, and as Melhuish had continued to stay quietly on at his cottage, people had come to believe his story.

We had been home just a day when Melhuish rang me up on the telephone.

"I just wanted to welcome you home, Mr. Forester," he said, "and I was hoping that perhaps you would be kind enough to come along and see me again."

"Why don't you come up here?" I asked. I was going to add that now that his wife had left him he could do so without causing trouble, but I stopped myself in time. It was not the sort of thing one could say in one's first conversation with a man after that sort of domestic disaster.

"Well, I don't know," said Melhuish. "I'd like it better if you were to come here, Mr. Forester—" his voice

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went on mumbling some sort of apology.

In the end I went up to the cottage, and Melhuish and I sat in the kitchen by the open kitchen door as we had done so often before and we drank beer. Melhuish had aged a good deal —as might be expected—and although he was very glad to see me there was on his face a look of abstraction, as if he were thinking about something else, which at once attracted my attention. We talked like old friends, and in course of time we worked round, cautiously, to the subject of Melhuish's desertion by his wife. I was able to repeat my earlier invitation, and this time to add point to it by reference to his new freedom.

"Well, I don't know," said Melhuish, exactly as before. "I hardly go out at all nowadays, Mr. Forester."

"But you ought to, man," I said. "It isn't good for you to sit about at home and mope all day long."

"I don't mope," said Melhuish, and on his face there was that look of abstraction, of attention to some other matter than the one in hand. It was then that I was able to define that look better. Melhuish appeared just as if he were listening to something which I could not hear. There could be absolutely no doubting it at all. Indeed, that appearance of listening was so convincing, as I have said, that in the end it made me think I was hearing things too. And everything was a little strange and odd. It even seemed to me as if that kitchen had altered its shape in some sinister fashion—as if the walls were closing on us, slowly.

I think it must have been at my third or fourth visit that I first heard the sounds that Melhuish was listening for. I was sitting talking, and Melhuish was moving about the kitchen with that strained air of attention. When I finished what I was saying Melhuish did not reply at once, and in the little interval I distinctly heard a voice say—"Let me out."

It was not a loud voice; rather was it a harsh metallic whisper, a whisper with a metallic twang. If Mrs. Melhuish had ever spoken in a whisper she would have spoken just like that. It made me start. It was just as if Mrs. Melhuish was whispering to me over my shoulder. I even looked round, but my chair was against the wall and I was convinced of my hallucination. Melhuish seemed to take note of my start and then ignore it, making no sign except for a momentary gleam of triumph in his eyes—and even that may have been merely my imagination.

"Let me out," was the first thing I heard that voice say in its harsh whisper, but later on it said other things.

"Is this a joke?" it said. It took on exactly the affected tone that Mrs. Melhuish adopted on occasions, but it had a nervous quaver in it as though Mrs. Melhuish were badly frightened and trying to conceal the fact.

Later on it said—

"George, George, I'm sorry. For-

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give me, George. George—let me out! Please let me out!"

The voice when it said that still had that metallic twang, but it was the voice of a woman mad with terror. And at other times it said—

"Mercy! Have mercy!"

After it said that the voice used to die away. I could not bear it when it screamed.

It was practically entirely by his manner that Melhuish encouraged me in this hallucination of mine. Only on one occasion did he speak about it, and that was just before the end. He made the remark apropos of nothing, interjecting it into his conversation.

"What a jangle those chains make!" he said.

Of course, after he said that, my morbidly excited imagination began to hear the jangling of chains. They clashed and jangled when the voice spoke, and rose to a crescendo when it screamed, and even after the voice stopped speaking I could still hear them rattling tremulously for a long time before they ceased and were silent.

It was I who found Melhuish dead in that kitchen. He lay dead on the tiled floor, and had been dead for twenty-four hours when I found him. He was cold and stiff, but when I looked at his face it seemed to me as if he was still listening—which of course goes to show how much my nerves had been affected. That first inquest was a simple enough matter, because the medical evidence proved without a doubt that Melhuish had died from failure of his heart's action.

The second inquest caused the trouble, and that the second inquest was ever held was my fault. When I walked into the cottage and looked round with the eye of an owner that strange feeling that the kitchen had contracted and was closing in on me was very evident again. I shut my ears to the sounds I thought I could hear and forced myself to look round calmly. The kitchen was different from what I remembered of it during my earlier visits. The wall against which I used to place my chair—the wall from which I imagined I heard the voice speaking—was farther into the room. In the end, still thinking sanely, I hunted up a length of string and compelled myself to take interior and exterior measurements. The discrepancy I discovered was sufficiently great to justify me in taking a pickaxe and assailing with it the wall which seemed to have encroached so strangely upon the floor space. Everyone who has read the inquest reports knows what I found there.

All I want to say now is that my experience constitutes a very clear case of suggestion—I can hardly be blamed for having my imagination stimulated by Melhuish's appearance of listening for something; his behavior was strangely convincing, and the fact that I found what I did behind the wall that Melhuish had built and paneled is only a coincidence. I never heard that voice. —C. S. FORESTER

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THE STRANGEST PRIZE

IF YOU'VE CALLED UP ANY PLANETS LATELY, THE ACADEMY WILL REVERSE THE CHARGES

FOR nearly half a century, the French Academy of Science has been burdened with the queerest, most troublesome prize that ever plagued a sponsor—a prize that may never be won until the end of time.

The story of this strange prize goes back to 1889 when, feeling that death was approaching, Mme Anna-Emilie-Clara Guzman, widow of the wealthy Marc Guzman, made her last will and testament at the Convent of Hope in Pau, France, to which she had retired to pass her remaining years.

Mme Guzman, who was born in Havana in 1804, died at the Convent two years after making her will. Her last years were passed in meditation and prayer; but, while her thoughts were bent heavenward, her speculations traversed the azure curtain of the sky and explored the vast and mysterious universe beyond, which science was beginning to describe as the abode of strange worlds and even stranger beings.

And when, in 1891, she died and her will was probated, it was found to contain the following paragraph:

"I leave to the Academy of Science of the Institute of France 100,000 francs (then $20,000) for the foundation of a prize to bear the name of my son, Pierre Guzman; this prize to be awarded, without distinction of nationality, to the first scientist who will succeed in communicating with a heavenly body—that is, send a signal to a heavenly body and receive a reply to this signal. I exclude the planet Mars. . . ."

The contents of Mme Guzman's will were made known to the Academy on August 24, 1891, two months after the death of the wealthy widow, and a meeting of the Academy was called for consideration of the legacy, at that time representing a respectable fortune. Only two of the members were found to be in favor of acceptance of the legacy, Messrs. Duchatre and Fizeau, the others voting it down on the first ballot as fantastic and absurd.

Those against acceptance argued that, in assuming the sponsorship of such a prize, the dignified Academy would be exposing itself to the ridicule of the world. The Guzman Prize, they pointed out, might never be awarded at all, and the Academy would be

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saddled with an obligation which was impossible of fulfillment and with a purse which was unattainable. The legacy was an affront to the sane, conservative and dignified traditions of the Academy.

These arguments were sufficient to make even those who were in favor of acceptance waver; but the final argument—the late Mme Guzman's strange and inexplicable prejudice against the planet Mars—proved the decisive factor.

At that time, science had been flirting quite seriously with the theory that Mars was inhabited and even with the idea that it might be possible to establish some kind of communication with that planet. The investigations about Mars promised a more fertile field than any other planet at the time, and that Mme Guzman should have especially barred Mars appeared to the members of the Academy a condition which rendered the legacy even less acceptable.

The upshot of the meeting was a postponement of any decision. But the money was there, waiting for a home. At regular intervals, meetings were called, until finally, on January 8, 1900, the Academy yielded.

The Academy succumbed for two reasons: first, because, as some of the members contended, it had no right to take upon itself the authority to decide what was possible and what was impossible in the realm of science, in a domain where still little was known and where anything might occur; and second, because an additional paragraph in Mme Guzman's will made it possible for the Academy to save its face and mask its temerity behind the veil of scientific service. This paragraph provided as follows:

"As long as communication with a planet is not established, interest on the capital will be permitted to accumulate for five years and will constitute a prize to be awarded to the scientist, French or foreign, who will have made the most important contribution to a more intimate knowledge of the planets of our solar system, either in regard to their nature or in regard to their relations with the earth."

It was chiefly on the strength of the practical value of this paragraph that the members of the Academy were finally able to bury their scruples and vote acceptance of the legacy. The decision, however, by no means ended the controversy. Many members still felt the Academy had placed itself in a ridiculous position; and at every meeting for nearly a decade thereafter the question was reopened.

Finally, in 1911, after a particularly heated discussion, the Secretary of the Academy rose in defense of the Guzman Prize and made an impassioned and brilliant speech, which brought the controversy to a final close.

"What miracles has not science achieved in the century so recently closed?" he asked. "The telephone, the phonograph, telegraphy, wireless telegraphy, the X-ray, radium, the

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conquest of the air. Any one who would have predicted these things even a century ago, in 1811, would have been regarded as insane. Let us beware, therefore, of condemning *a priori* such a dream as communicating with the planets. Physics and chemistry, surpassing the predictions of Auguste Comte, have begun to throw light on the nature and composition of the celestial bodies. Who dare say where they will stop?"

As no member of the Academy was ready to accept the challenge and say just where physics and chemistry would stop, the incident was thus closed and the Guzman Prize ceased to be a subject of controversy. But the qualms of the Academy were by no means entirely abated, for the prize has continued to be a thorn in its side, as was foreseen, a source of distress and disturbance.

Even today it is a difficult task to elicit any details of the strange bequest from the Academy itself. Officials of the Institute will gladly furnish information about any of the hundreds of prizes which the Academy awards annually; but they are politely uncommunicative about the legacy of the wealthy widow who had a prejudice against Mars. Inquirers are generally referred to old records and newspaper accounts.

It is not hard to understand the Academy's reticence about the Guzman Prize. There has never been a prize in existence which has been claimed by so many people. Since the award was first mentioned in print, thousands of claimants have written to the Academy from all parts of the world—and any published reference to the prize always starts a new flood of letters. Most of them come from cranks and mentally unbalanced people, who insist they have communicated with other worlds and relate the weirdest details concerning the planetary inhabitants. None of these claims, it need hardly be added, has ever been justified. But the prize-seekers all feel that they are entitled to the 100,000 francs.

On the basis of current scientific opinion, it is doubtful whether the Guzman award will ever be made. The mere fact that things have come to pass in the realm of science which were once deemed impossible is no guarantee that some things will not remain impossible.

Communication with other worlds may be one of these things; and the Guzman Prize probably will remain in the ledgers of the Academy as an award which is unattainable. Meanwhile the accumulated interest is awarded every five years to a scientist who has made some distinctive contribution to a knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

In establishing the prize, Mme Guzman hoped to create an enduring memorial for her son. She succeeded better than she knew—for she left a memorial that is not only enduring, but to all intents and purposes everlasting. —ALLEN GLASSER

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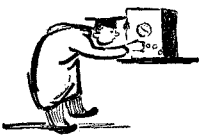
WHAT GOOD IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION IF YOU CAN'T TELL AN USHER FROM A REAR ADMIRAL?



Radio Playing A. Elementary course for freshmen only. History and theory of the radio and its effect on nervous-breakdown statistics. Lessons in the forcible suppression of chronic dial-twisters.

How to find the radio section in your daily paper without reading seven pages of Help Wanted ads. How to spot campaign speeches in advance. Analysis of what constitutes a good radio program for (*a*) reading a book while it is going on; (*b*) playing bridge to; (*c*) putting the cat out; (*d*) listening to.

Shopping 7 C. Open to all four classes. With special emphasis on department stores. How to get in and out of elevators without losing your hat. How to evaluate information-desk information so that it means something. How a man can appear nonchalant when he finds himself in the lingerie department. How to exchange purchases without starving in the process. The theory and practice of charge accounts.

Movie Going 17. Open to juniors and seniors. The meaning and derivation of the words "colossal," "epoch-making," "gargantuan," "immortal," "classic," "epic" and "unsurpassed": (*a*) as defined in the dictionary; (*b*) as used in movie ads. How to tell an usher from a rear admiral. How to sit through preview ballyhoos without biting the person sitting next to you.

How to make a hat stay in the average under-the-seat hat-holder. How to stay calm and collected when you see for the third consecutive time in seven days the news reel film of Rubber Check winning the Tamili Park sweepstakes.

Automobile Driving 1. For seniors only. How to tell whether your gas tank is really empty when the gauge says so.

The analysis of prospective hitch-hikers. How to teach women to drive, and when not to attempt it. The psychology of traffic cops. When to sneak out of line and when not to. How to tell bona fide hand signals from conversational gestures. How to get your tank filled in a hurry without having your windshield, fenders and headlights shaved, shampooed and manicured. —TRACY PERKINS

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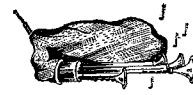
CHAMPIONS OF PIPING

YOU DON'T KNOW SCOTTISH TRADITION IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THE MACCRIMMON BAGPIPERS



IN ALL bagpipe history there is no name so well-known as MacCrimmon. The MacCrimmon family was the Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms of Scottish folk-music. The MacCrimmons have never been excelled in their skill in teaching or in the beauty of their composition of pibrochs (the classical music of the bagpipes). Although a few good pibrochs have been written in the past century, there have been only rare examples which might compare in quality to the works of the great MacCrimmon family.

Scottish history is indefinite concerning the origin of the family, but traditions are various—and confusing. Some say the first of the MacCrimmons was brought back from Italy by the MacLeod of that day on his return from a crusade in the reign of King Alexander of Scotland. This tradition is plausible, for bagpipes were quite prevalent in early Italian music. Some authorities believe the MacCrimmons are descended from a royal Irish race. In ancient manuscripts it is stated that in the 13th century the south of Harris and the small isles were possessed by the MacCrimmons who afterwards became the hereditary pipers of the MacLeods.

During the 16th century clan pipers were a fixed arrangement in the retinue of the great Highland chiefs. This idea was borrowed from Ireland. The office was mainly hereditary, as was the case with the Irish pipers.

For several generations before, the harp and the bagpipe both were played in the castles of the great Highland chiefs. The decline of the harp was probably due to the decline of bards who sang their verses. The high chieftains at that time (1650-1750) were becoming absentees from the Highlands for they were spending much time in London or abroad and the social changes destroyed the custom of the professional bards who used the harp as an accompaniment to their recitative. At the same time civil wars gave bagpipe music impetus due to its superiority in the noise and tumult of battle as a military instrument. The Scottish bards hated the growing popularity of the pipes, but the world moves and the clan piper became second in importance to the chief. Not only were the pipers of su-

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perior rank to other retainers of their chief but they were provided with a servant or *gille* to carry their pipes.

From about the year 1600 the MacCrimmons continued hereditary pipers to the MacLeods until the death of Donald MacCrimmon in 1745. Not only is the origin of the family subject to contradicting legends, but the activities of the members themselves are pervaded by tales of fairies and the supernatural.

One story tells us that Patrick Mor MacCrimmon sat weeping on a knoll when three of the fairy folk came to him: "'I will give thee the championship of piping,' said the first. 'I will give thee the championship of goodly company,' said the second. But the third said 'Two championships are enough for any man. I will put an ill along with them—the madness of the full moon.' And as it is the unlikely thing that often happens, better was the ill than the good, for the MacCrimmons never played so well as when the moon was full and the madness lay upon them."

It is also told that up to the time of Gille Dubh or "Black Lad" the MacCrimmons were good but not outstanding pipers. The Black Lad was the youngest son and thought so little of by his father that, although he and his two other sons used to play nightly upon the bagpipes, they would never allow the Black Lad even to touch the pipes. But one night when the rest of the family was out the Black Lad got down the chanter. He had scarcely commenced to play when the fairy from the dun, or hill, near-by appeared before him and asked him: "Which wouldst thou prefer—skill without success or success without skill?"

The Black Lad answered that he would rather have skill without success. The fairy thereupon pulled a hair from her head and wound it round the chanter reed. Then she asked him to place his fingers on the holes of the chanter. When he did so she laid her fingers on his fingers and told him that from that day onward he would be "king of the pipers."

On the island of Skye there was a tradition that the beautiful pibroch, *MacCrimmon's Sweetheart*, was written under the spell of a fairy. When a MacCrimmon wished to compose, he retired to some lonely spot and for some days and nights fasted and meditated on music. As he lay on the floor of the cave the first night, half-asleep, half-awake, one of his ancestors appeared to him and played to him the tune that haunted him because of its unusual melody. The second night the spirit piper again appeared and again the third night and always he played the same tune. After the third night MacCrimmon felt that the tune was firmly impressed on his memory and noted it down in that notation called *canntaireachd*. So deeply did he fall in love with that tune that he called it his sweetheart. Ever since it has been known to pipers the world over as *MacCrimmon's Sweetheart*.

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When MacCrimmon music was at the summit of its excellence, only Ceol Mor (big music) or classical music of the Highland bagpipes was played by the great pipers. Ceol Beag (little music) which comprises marches, strathespeys, and reels was little favored by the old pipers or their chiefs, and there is a tradition that the Laird of Coll, returning unexpectedly to his castle and, hearing his piper practicing a march, then and there dismissed him from his service.

The MacCrimmon College for pipers at Boreraig on the Isle of Skye was famed during the 17th century over all Scotland and even on the mainland. No piper's education was complete until he had passed through the hands of the masters at Boreraig. At the MacCrimmon College each piper had to commit to memory 195 testing compositions of the Ceol Mor, and be a master of theory and composition before he was qualified. There is a saying that it took seven generations of pipers to make a master piper and even as many as twelve years of tuition in a hard and testing school were necessary, in many instances, before the pupil was considered worthy to take up the high office as piper to a chief.

The MacCrimmons were proud of the state of perfection to which they had brought the art of piping, and were jealous lest they lose it, even though the honor were to fall upon a pupil of their own training. While encouraging the dissemination of their art by returning young men to their homes from the college at Boreraig trained to a high degree of efficiency, they nevertheless retained among the members of their own family certain movements known only to themselves. The story goes that a girl, friendly with the MacCrimmons, acquired knowledge of how a certain hitherto secret combination of notes was accomplished and imparted the information to her sweetheart, who was not of the MacCrimmon family. When this fact reached the ears of her family, according to tradition it is recounted that the drastic step was taken of instantly cutting off her fingers to prevent the possible divulgence of information in the future.

Many of the MacCrimmon pibrochs are related to historical events and are often quite picturesque. One interesting account tells of Donald Mor MacCrimmon's vengeance of his brother, who, due to some defect in his eyes, was known as Squinting Patrick. Patrick had a quarrel with his foster brother, a native of Kintail. Sometime later Patrick was taken unawares and killed by the Kintail man. Donald Mor, hearing of his brother's untimely death, resolved to avenge him. A year later he set out for Kintail without informing anyone of his intention. The offender, learning of MacCrimmon's arrival, concealed himself in the house of a friend. MacCrimmon was so enraged when the inhabitants of the village refused to deliver the man that he resolved to

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set their houses on fire. This he did that very night, burning eighteen houses, and some say that while the village was ablaze MacCrimmon climbed to a hill above and played the pibroch known as *Squinting Patrick's Flame of Wrath*.

The Red Hand in the MacDonald Arms is another tune with an intriguing background, telling how the MacDonalds got the Red Hand in their coat of arms. Somerled of the Isles had three sons, Dugald, Reginald, and Duncan, who disputed as to which of them should have the lands of Slate in Skye. At last it was decided that each of them should man his own *birlinn* and race for Skye from one of the other Western Isles, and that the land should belong to the son who first placed his hand on it. In this race Dugald's boat was soon left behind. Duncan's boat began to leak at the plug, which he withdrew, inserted his thumb to make it tight, and urging his man, was on the point of winning. When Reginald saw this, he placed his left hand on the gunwale of his own boat, severed it at the wrist with a blow from the claymore in his right, threw it ashore, and as the red hand was the first to touch the land he was declared the winner.

—FRANCES WHITE

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 45-46

1—nay neigh	11—ewes yews	21—corps core	31—tare tear	41—knave nave
2—pane pain	12—feign fane	22—throw throe	32—tale tail	42—rude rood
3—bare bear	13—mantle mantel	23—led lead	33—straight strait	43—cite site
4—pier peer	14—cannon canon	24—plate plait	34—plain plane	44—rest wrest
5—arc ark	15—bale bail	25—bard barred	35—canvas canvass	45—break brake
6—faint feint	16—creek creak	26—waste waist	36—veil vale	46—indict indite
7—marshal martial	17—freeze frieze	27—might mite	37—hail hale	47—mustard mustered
8—berry bury	18—liar lyre	28—fawn faun	38—discreet discrete	48—caste cast
9—raise raze	19—beau bow	29—bruise brews	39—waive wave	49—grieves greaves
10—bad bade	20—ball bawl	30—beech beach	40—burro borough	50—bowl bole

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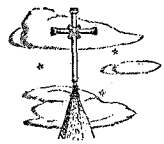
FAITH AND HOPE

. . . CAME BACK TO BROADWAY IN FOUR PLAYS THAT TEACH MALICE TOWARD NONE, CHARITY FOR ALL



THE 1937-1938 season on Broadway will go down in history as the season in which Something Happened.

"Something" is the word for the new vision that haunts Broadway. It is a phenomenon to get a few really good plays in one season, but it's a miracle if each one of them preaches what is essentially the same thing—and that thing the oldest theme in the world. Call it Faith and Hope. Two of these plays preached a faith in a living God; two of them have high hopes for a life after this one. Put two and two together—net result: Faith and Hope.

Father Malachy's Miracle was the first of the Faith plays to come along. It told the story of an old Scotch priest who came to a town where the church was holding hands with a night club and God was a convenient excuse for the young folks to get together every Sunday evening. Then came *Shadow and Substance* which lifted the reviewers to a certain ecstasy and a fine literary style. Here is a play written by an Irish schoolmaster who talks with terrifying eloquence of the stupidities that are tearing spiritual Ireland to pieces.

These were the Faith plays: *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *Shadow and Substance.*

Thornton Wilder is the author of *Our Town.* In it he has told the story of an American town; he has peeked behind the doorways of framehouses where simple people live; he shows us the beauty of everyday life and death. *On Borrowed Time* is called a comedy. It tells a stronger story than any comedy can tell and still remain comedy. It is the story of an old man and a little boy who chased Death up into a tree and kept him there until they were good and ready for him.

These were the Hope plays: *Our Town* and *On Borrowed Time.*

And so, how come that—in these jaundiced times—Broadway took four sermons to its troubled heart? There are various explanations, but the easiest may be the simplest in the long run: Here were four good plays, and the public liked them. Only it's curious that our playwrights seem to write much better plays when they think about God. —SIDNEY CARROLL

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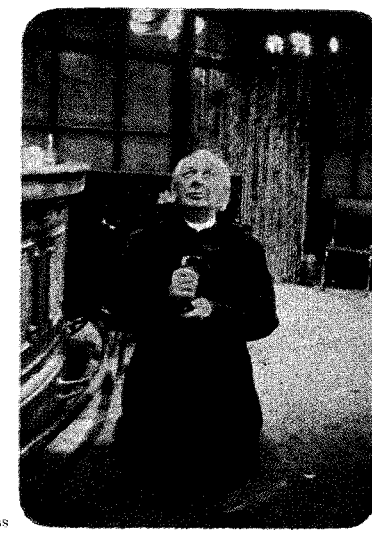
Two miracles, and nothing to show for it: Up above, Father Malachy has performed his second miracle and the bobby comes in to find out what it's all about. Below, Al Shean (Father Malachy) prays alongside the bar in the night club.

"FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE"



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"SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE"

Attesting to the death of a vision and the birth of a new faith: The Canon and the schoolmaster bend over the dying servant-girl. (Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lloyd Gough, Julie Haydon.)

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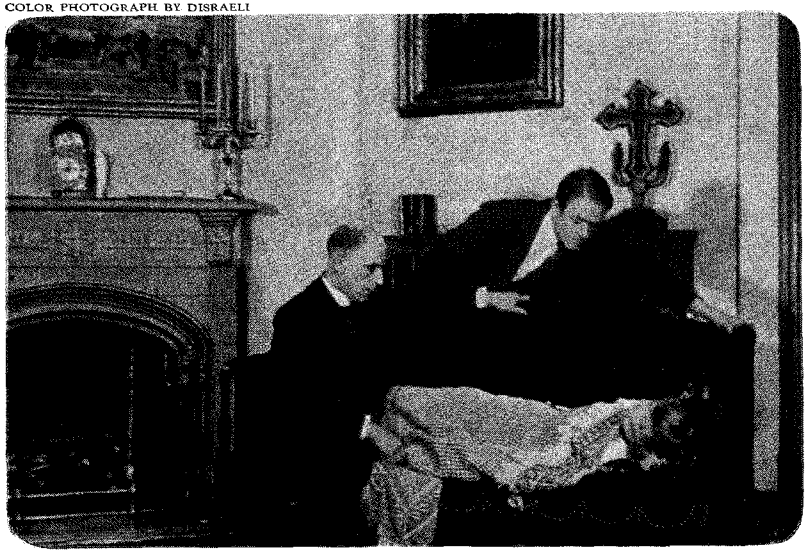

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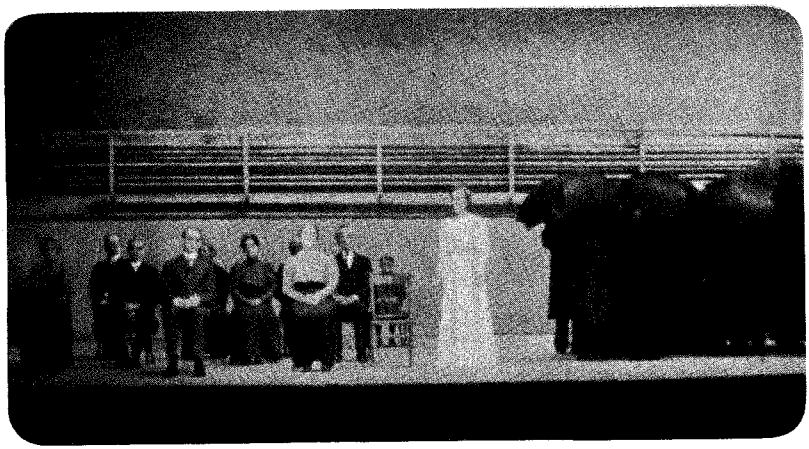

Above, the young wife emerges from the dark group of the living and takes her place among the immobile figures of the dead. Below, the boy and the girl (John Craven and Martha Scott) order two sodas from Frank Craven.

"OUR TOWN"

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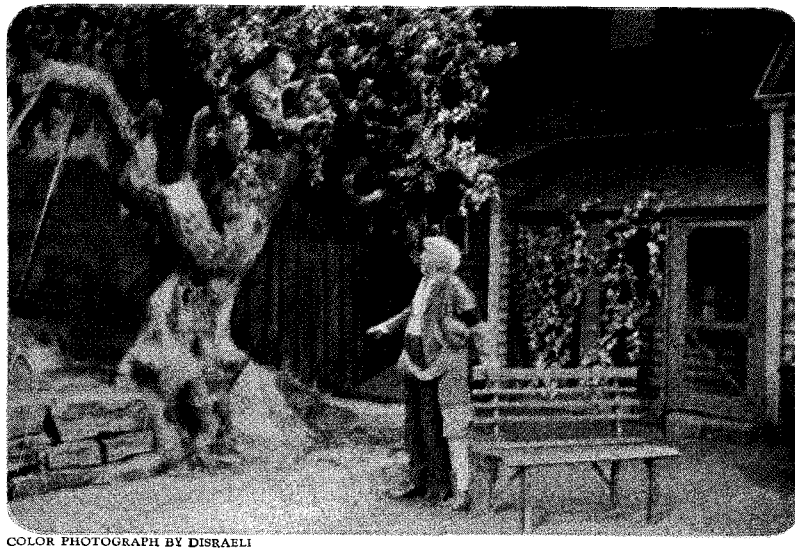
"ON BORROWED TIME"



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The old man (Dudley Digges) and the little boy (Peter Holden) assert themselves and boldly chase Death (Frank Conroy) up into a tree.

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A Portfolio of Personalities

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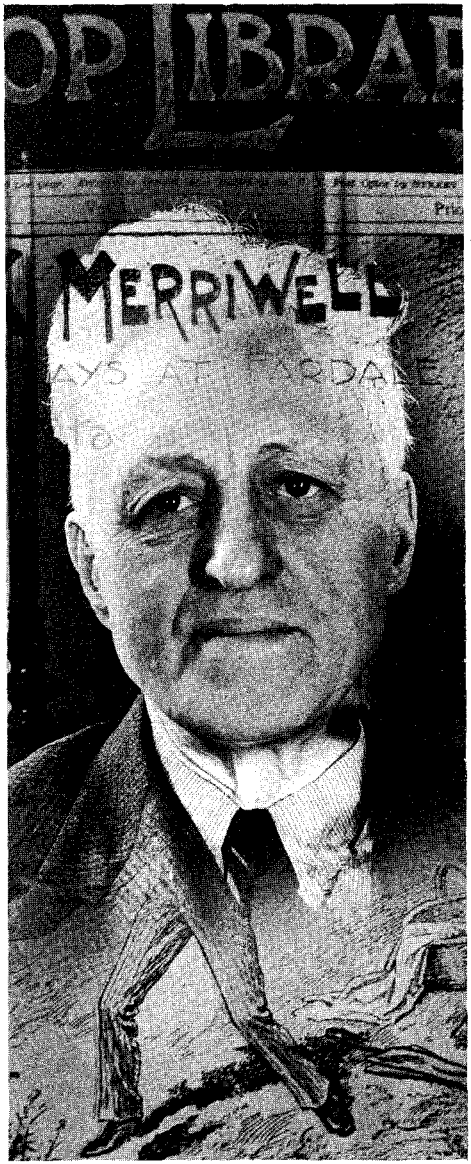

LEWIS JACOBS

GILBERT PATTEN

WHOSE WRITINGS HAD A GREAT INFLUENCE ON YOUR CHILDHOOD

Here, at the age of seventy-two, you see Gilbert Patten who, under the name Burt L. Standish wrote the Frank Merriwell books, and is the most prolific and widely read author in American letters. Today ghost-writer for a famous human-interest columnist, Patten earlier in the century was the literary idol of youth. As such, he's had as much influence on American letters as Mark Twain and Harriet Beecher Stowe. From 1896 to 1914 he turned out a novel a week —almost a thousand volumes which sold 123,500,000 copies. Today Patten lives quietly in New York City with his wife, who is his literary adviser. He takes long walks, does his ghost writing, is interested in adapting Merriwell for radio. At seventeen he sold his first story for three dollars. Merriwell was born when publishers asked Patten for a character typifying the best in American boyhood. Patten still controls the Merriwell name.

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W. G. H. FINCH

WHO CONVERTED THE RADIO INTO A LIVING ROOM PRINTING-PRESS

Within a year anyone with a radio and $35 can receive printed information in his own home. Patented by William George Howard Finch, the radio newspaper will print news, pictures and drawings in the home at the rate of five feet an hour. It has been described by the National Resources Committee as one of the thirteen inventions capable of changing the entire cultural and social life of the nation. English-born and forty-two, Finch has worked on facsimile transmission since 1924. Not entirely perfected, his device is being used experimentally by 23 big radio stations from New York to the Midwest, transmitting thirty feet of reading matter between midnight and 6 a. m., operating by a moving stylus controlled by a photo-electric cell at the point of transmission. Its weekly cost to the user is thirty cents in paper and power. The invention is guarded by one of the most elaborate patent structures known.

DISRAELI

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DON WALLACE

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

WHOSE NATURAL SCIENCE LABORATORY IS THE COUNTRY AT LARGE

Donald Culross Peattie's popular books on botany are being purchased by people who formerly shuddered at the thought of confronting so abstruse a subject. Peattie is a poet as well as a naturalist extraordinary. *Bright Lexicon* was his first book to attract particular attention; his tenth, *The Grove*, has just been published. His estate near Chicago, "The Grove," is a square mile of virgin prairie and timber with a large pond and swamp—a naturalist's paradise. Both he and his wife (she is Louise Redfield, the author) have small shacks in which they do their writing and, when especially absorbed, eating and sleeping. They have three sons. Peattie studied at the University of Chicago and Harvard, being graduated in 1922. He has an exceptional fondness for trees and loves good, detailed photographs of them.

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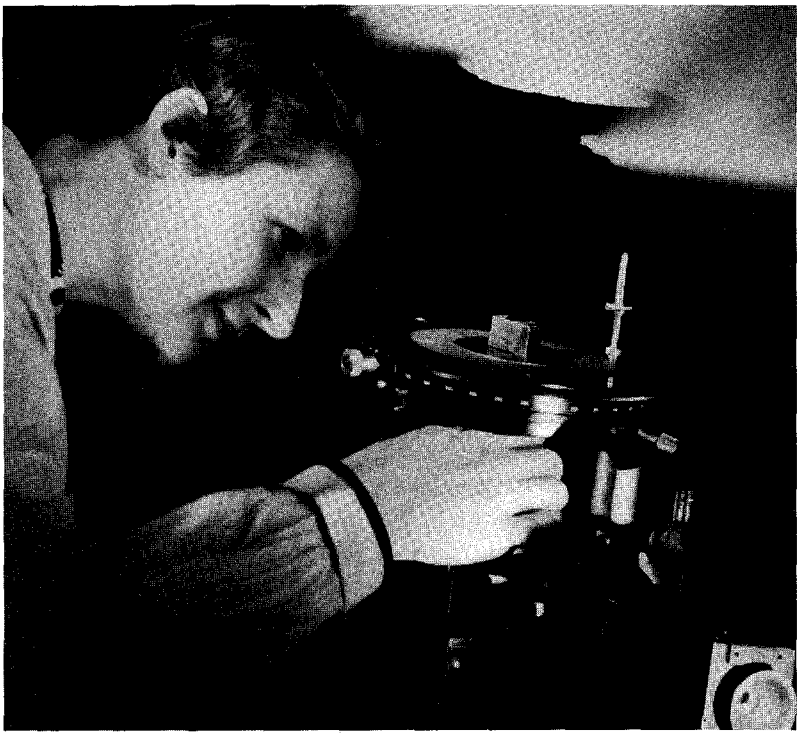

DON WALLACE

DR. MARY BAEYERTZ

WHO DOESN'T THINK IT ODD THAT SHE WORKS FOR A STEEL MILL

Dr. Mary Baeyertz has a distinct aversion to being considered "unusual" just because she is the metallurgist in America's second largest steel plant. One of the few women metallurgical experts in the country, she prefers to be thought of as someone who simply followed her natural bent, as another woman might take up a more typically feminine pursuit. Her work for Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation deals mainly with problems concerning the production and fabrication of steel, and its improvement for special purposes. She is the author of a number of papers published in technical journals and has won considerable recognition in her field. She takes her relaxation in the form of horseback riding and fishing, at both of which she is adept. Smith College awarded her a B.A. and Columbia University her Ph.D.

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LEWIS JACOBS

THE ABBOTTS

WHO KEEP METICULOUS TABS ON THE CINEMA ART'S SHADOWY PAST

Until the John E. Abbotts started the Film Library in 1935 to preserve a record of the beginning of motion pictures, no one treated films with the respect due a forty-year-old art. They now have four million feet of film in the vaults of the Museum of Modern Art. Three years ago, when Iris Barry and John Abbott married, they agreed that cinema history was shamefully neglected, obtained a grant from Rockefeller Foundation and began combing attics, closets and warehouses for old films, scenarios, incidental music, photographs. They chose only films reflecting changes in our civilization—the way women cut their hair, new modes of thought. Mary Pickford gave the Library all her early pictures. They have old Chaplin films, the first Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Schools all over the country rent film and documents (no profit to the Library). Old films must be recopied, as reels last only about five years.

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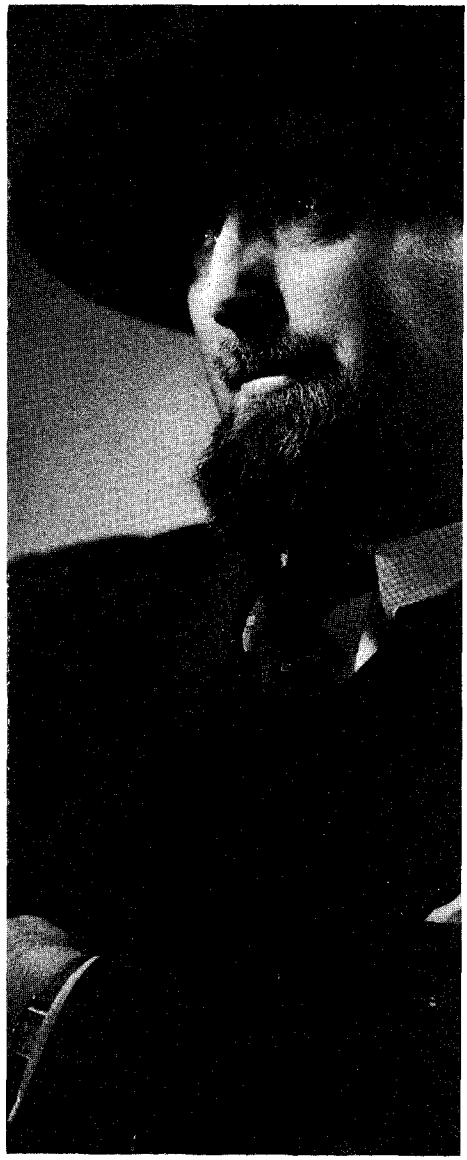
GEORGE SLOCOMBE

WHOSE PEN INTERPRETS MARTYRS AND ARTISTS WITH EQUAL FACILITY

The appearance of *A Mirror to Geneva* in the bookstores calls attention to its author, George Slocombe, who has long been important in foreign newspaper circles. He knew Hitler and Mussolini before they became dictators, he negotiated peace terms with Gandhi in an Indian jail in 1930, he was commended by three British cabinet ministers for his work at the Hague Conference. The statesmen, artists, prophets, assassins and martyrs he has known people his memoirs, *The Tumult and the Shouting*. This distinguished red-bearded Briton has published nearly a dozen books, now is writing a series of Portraits of French Painters, some of which have appeared in Coronet. During the past two winters, he has lectured in America on European problems. His wife is Russian and they have three children, daughter Alma being a New York fashion artist. Slocombe paints, quite ably, for recreation.



DON WALLACE

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DISRAELI

ROBERT EMMET DONAHUE

WHOSE NEWS CAMERA GIVES PATHE SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT

At forty-five, Robert Emmet Donahue is the most experienced newsreel cameraman extant. With Pathe News since 1913, Donahue has covered everything from the Nicaraguan Revolution in the tropics to the North Pole Expedition of Admiral Byrd. In 1919 he accompanied Woodrow Wilson on his cross-country sweep in behalf of the League of Nations. When films acquired a voice, he secured the first talking interview issued by the Prince of Wales for an American newsreel. Donahue has been twice around the world, his specialty being aerial assignments. He is on intimate terms with danger, once having fallen two stories with his camera, and once almost losing his left hand. Pathe News pays him around $150 a week, and when on an assignment he carries sound and camera equipment worth $12,500.

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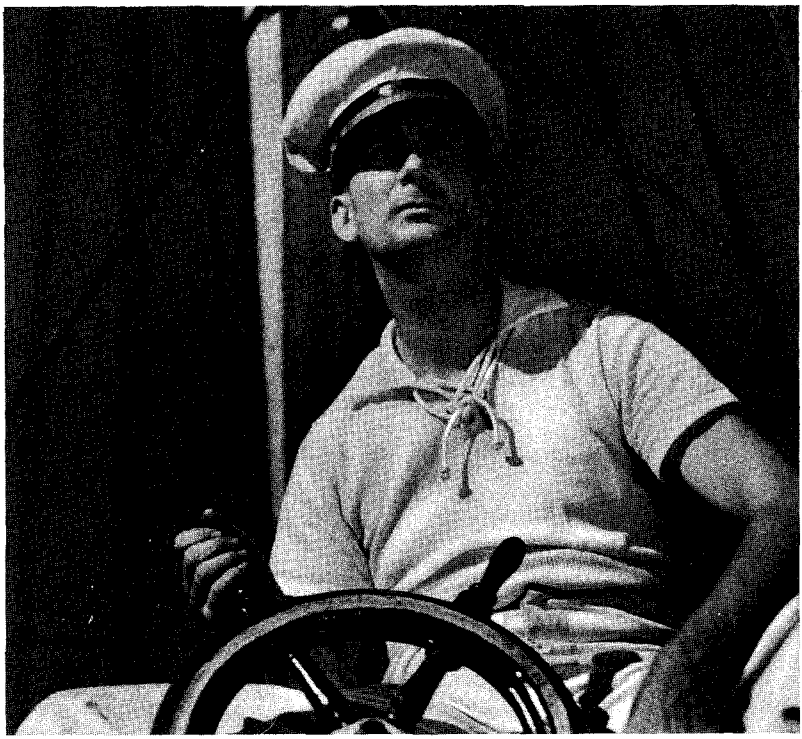

DON WALLACE

KENNETH COFFIN

WHO FIGURED OUT HOW TO OWN A YACHT ON A ROWBOAT INCOME

It doesn't take much arithmetic to calculate that it's impossible to support a yacht on a math teacher's pay. But Kenneth Coffin, instructor in Indianapolis High School, figured out how to satisfy his longing for a yacht—by making it pay for itself. He bought a forty-eight-foot yawl and moored her in the yacht basin of Chicago River in downtown Chicago. From early summer to late fall he lives aboard, chartering her for parties. A lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, Coffin is skipper, employing only a first mate. During his first season he expected to pilot World's Fair visitors, learned that more Chicagoans than out-of-towners were eager to go sailing. Coffin allows his passengers to cook in the galley. They can bring beer aboard, but he vetoes hard liquor because he never wants to hear the cry "Man overboard!"

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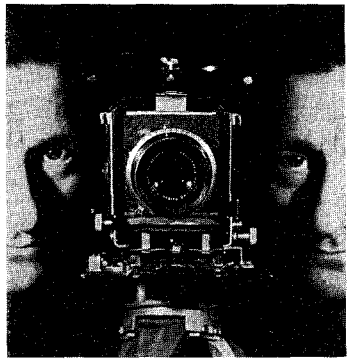
TALKING PICTURES

ABOUT ERWIN BLUMENFELD WHOSE AGE (40) HAS NOT WITHERED HIS INFINITE VARIETY

ERWIN BLUMENFELD is "an original," if there ever was one. In every walk of life there are a few individuals who, staving off the hardening of the mental arteries that comes with advancing years, somehow manage to retain a child-like curiosity and freshness of viewpoint. Blumenfeld has done it in photography, and his consistently high score in Coronet, both qualitatively and quantitatively, is convenient though partial evidence that it pays to follow his example of refusing to follow the example of others.



Self-Portrait by Erwin Blumenfeld

People do not stay out of ruts by accident. Blumenfeld has never taken a teacher and has shunned membership in photographic societies. He works always alone, even begrudging the presence of a model. Perhaps this is in reaction to the days when the world was too much with him. Born in Berlin in 1897, he was not too young to serve three years in the War. For seventeen years he lived in Holland, and only during the last two years has he been settled in Paris as a full-time, full-fledged photographer.

He is disturbed at how incredibly easy it is to make a picture: it is that much more difficult for any one photographer to stamp his personality on his work. But with his camera he chases light and shadow to such effect that he has become unique as a discloser of the inward phantasy of reality, a revealer of hidden beauties.

Blumenfeld is even original in his ambitions. He wants to develop camera portraiture as a psychiatric aid, curing inferiority complexes by dramatizing the patient to himself. That's just a sample. The man is insatiable.—B. G.

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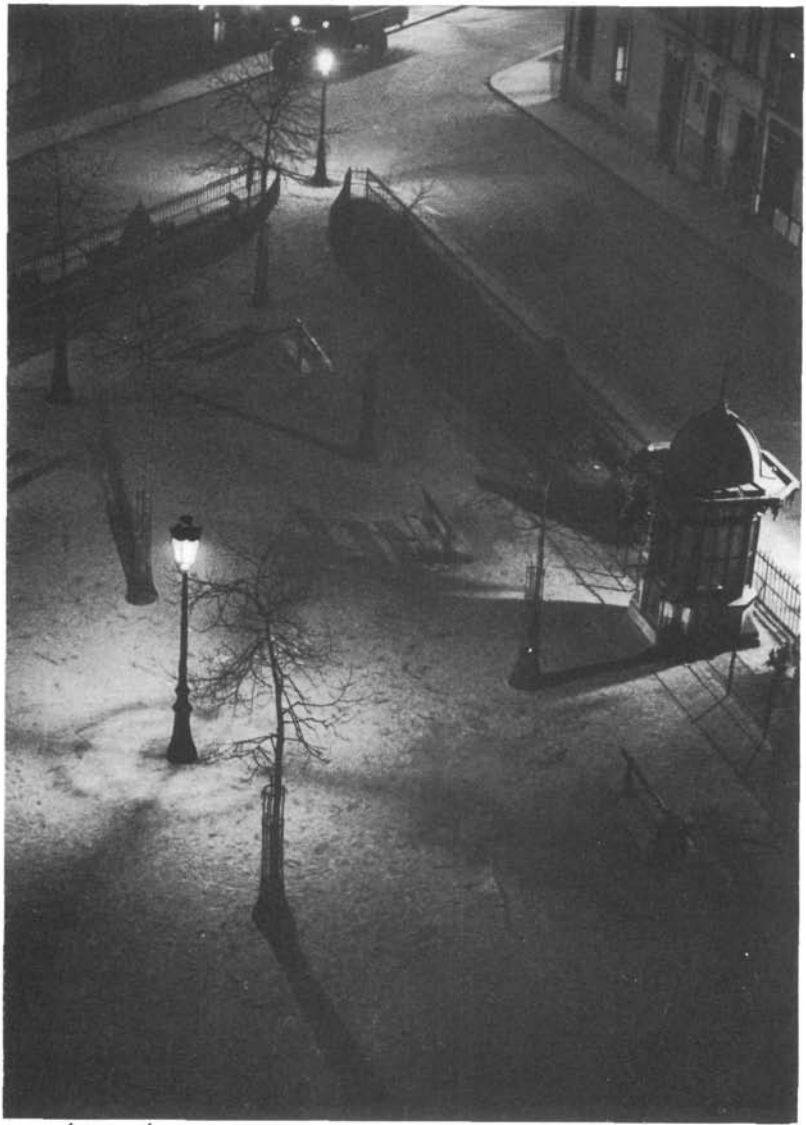

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

HUSH OF NIGHT

MAY, 1938

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

REGIMENTED TREES

MAY, 1938

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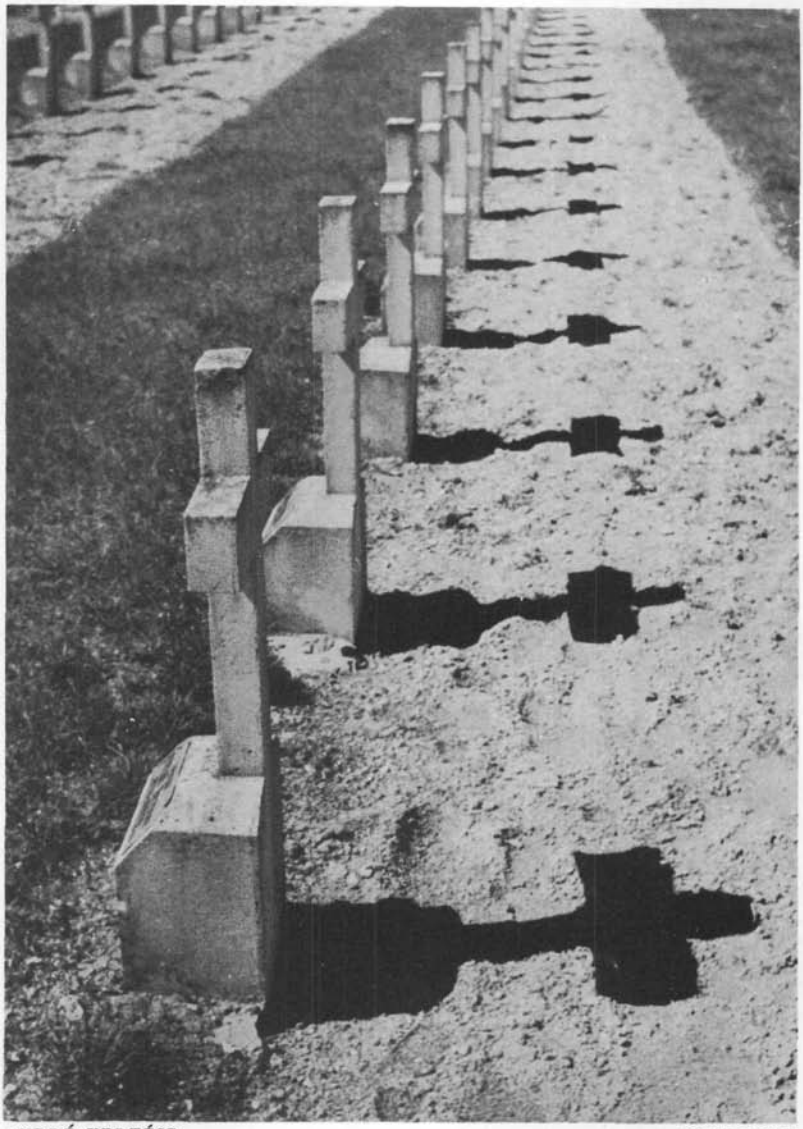

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

LONG REMEMBER

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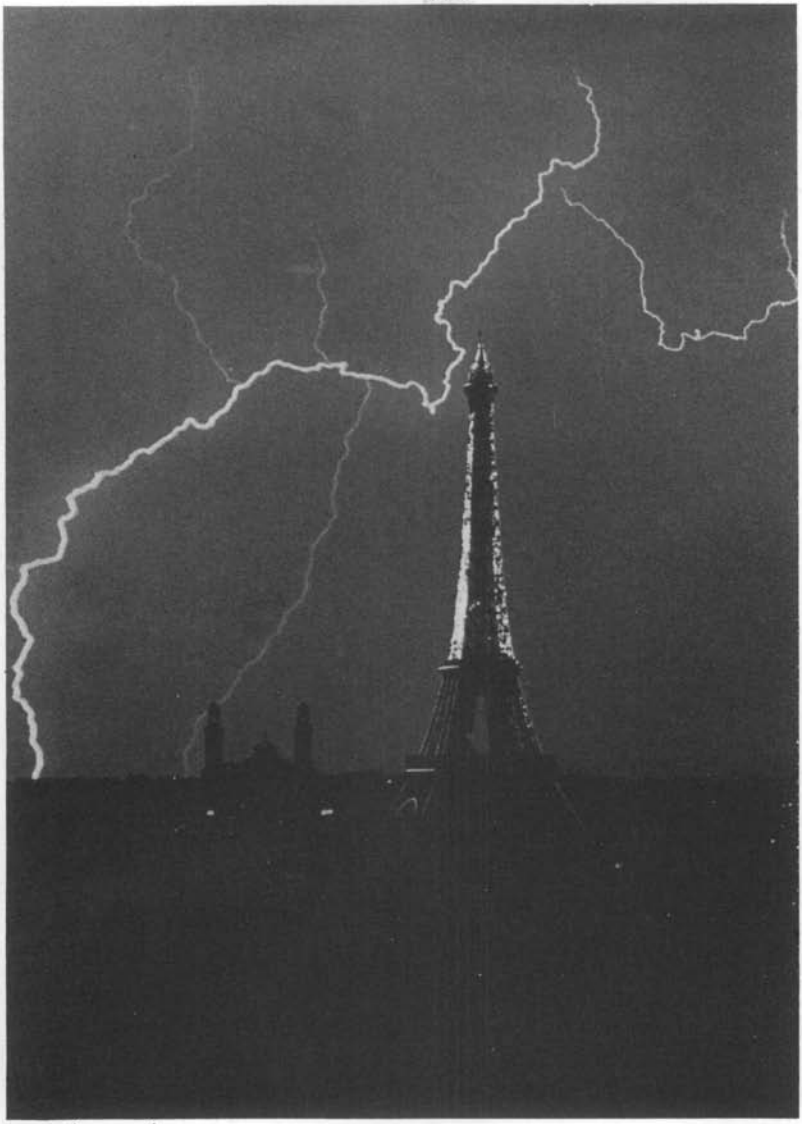

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

MAY, 1938

121

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BRUNO SEATTLE, WASH.

WOODWIND TRIO

CORONET

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GUSTAV SEIDEN BUDAPEST

RHYTHM OF TOIL

MAY, 1938

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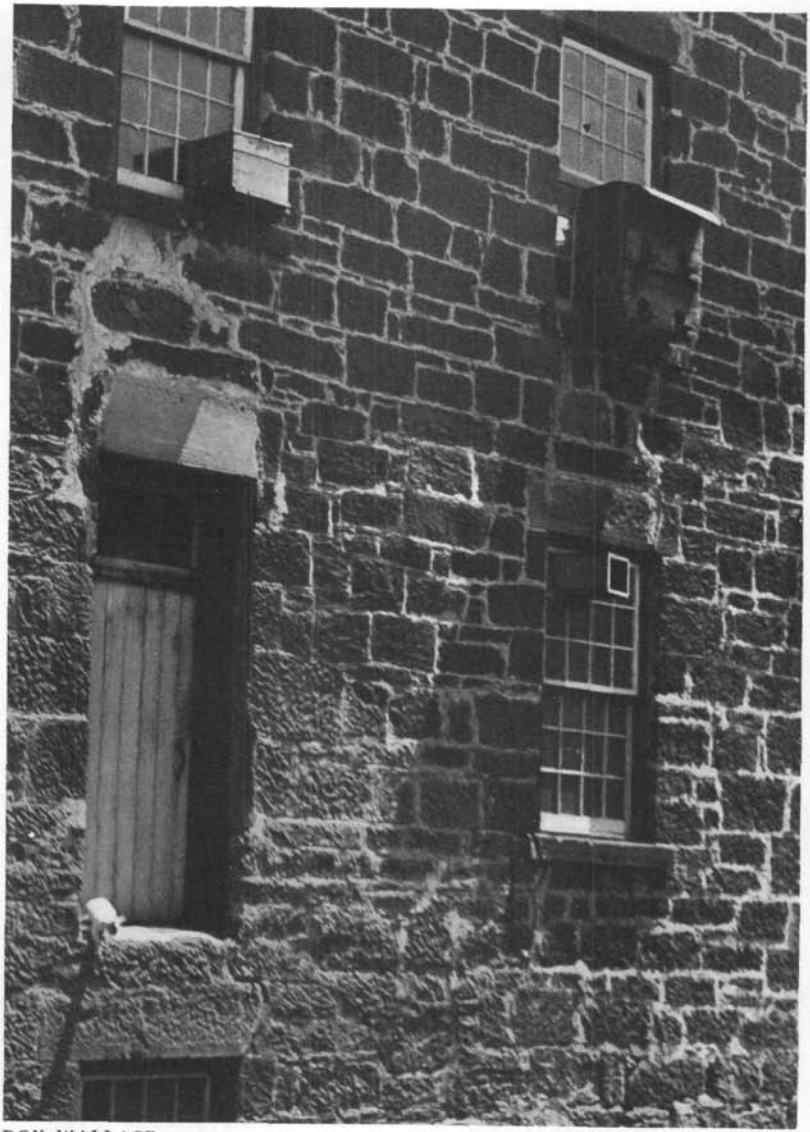

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

STRANDED

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FLORENCE HENRI PARIS

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

EACH HIS WAY

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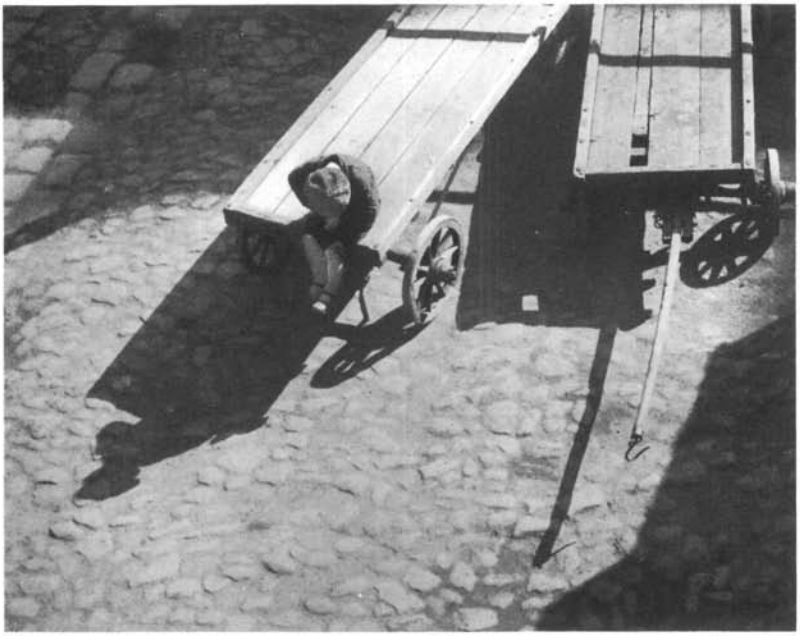

GUSTAV SEIDEN BUDAPEST

TWENTY WINKS

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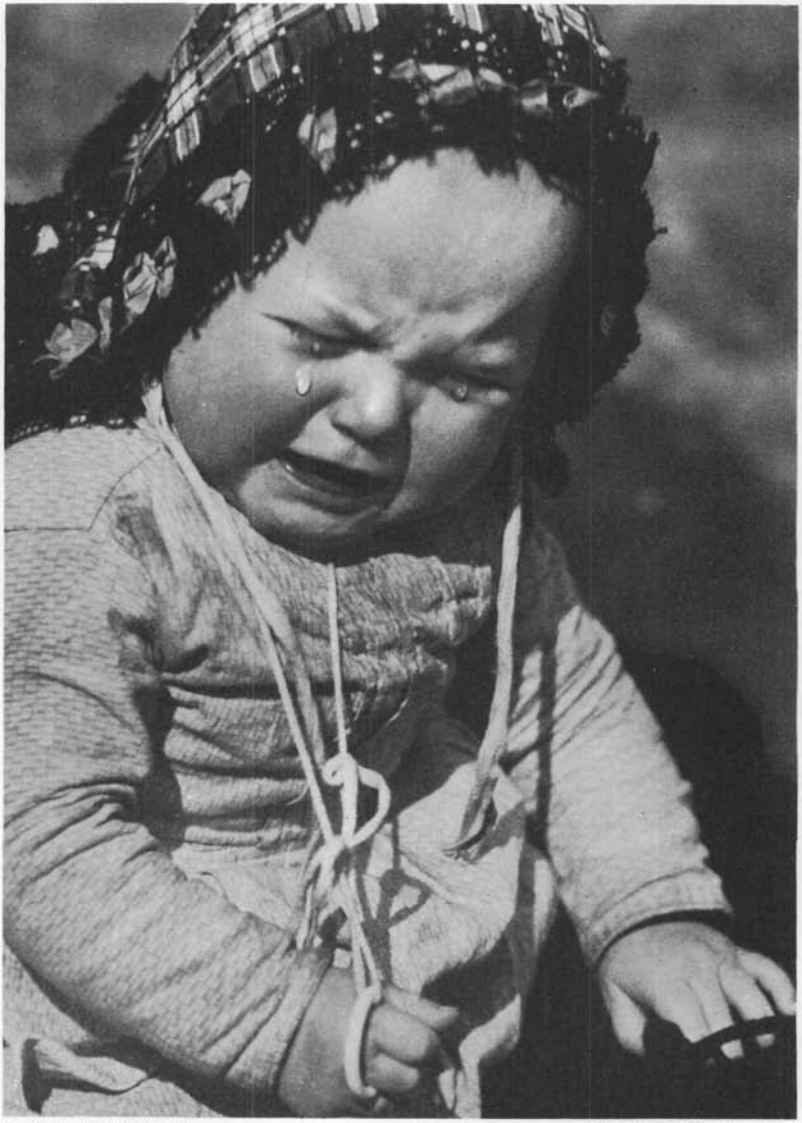

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

GLUB

CORONET

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

MUNCH

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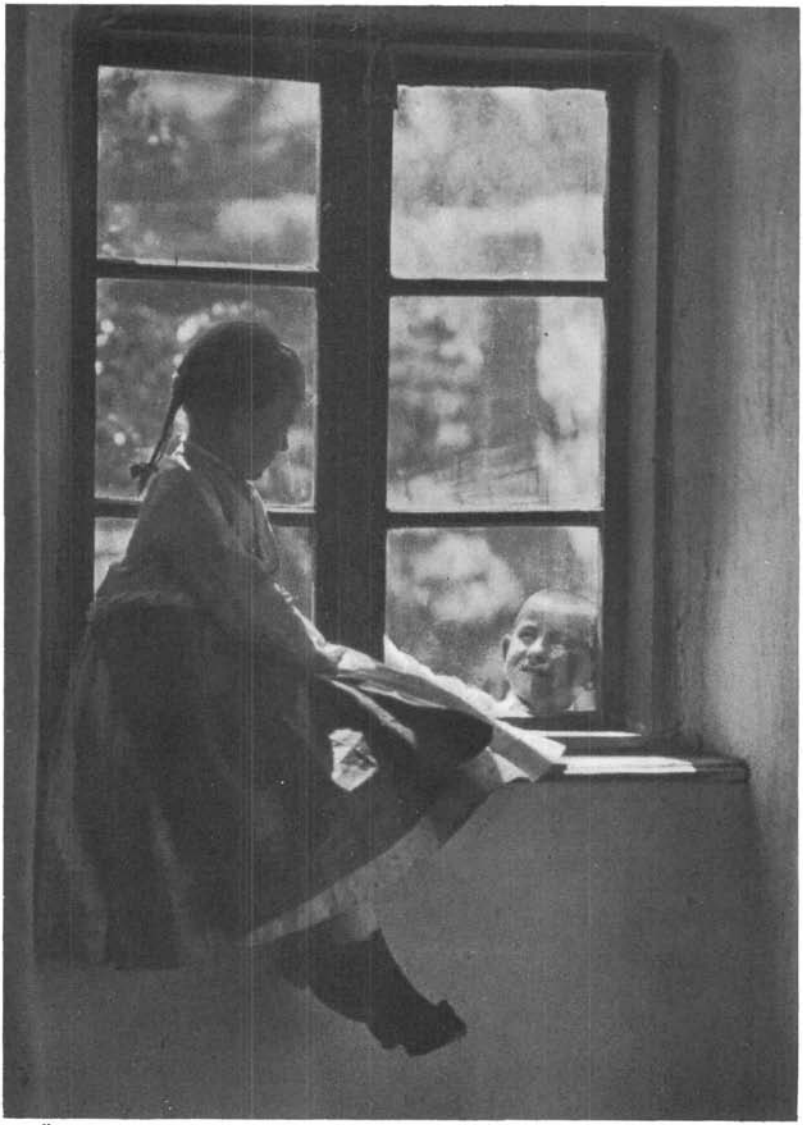

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

ROMEO AND JULIET

CORONET

130

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

THE NEW NEIGHBOR

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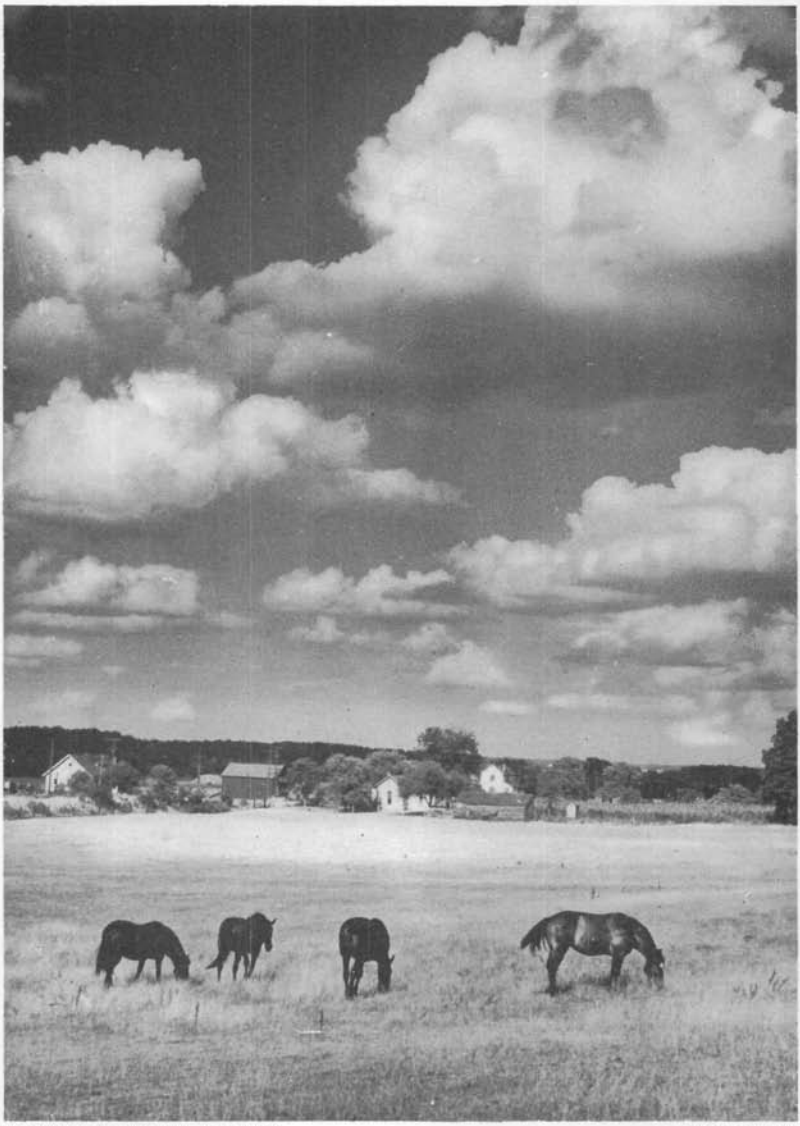

ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE NEW YORK

PASTURAGE

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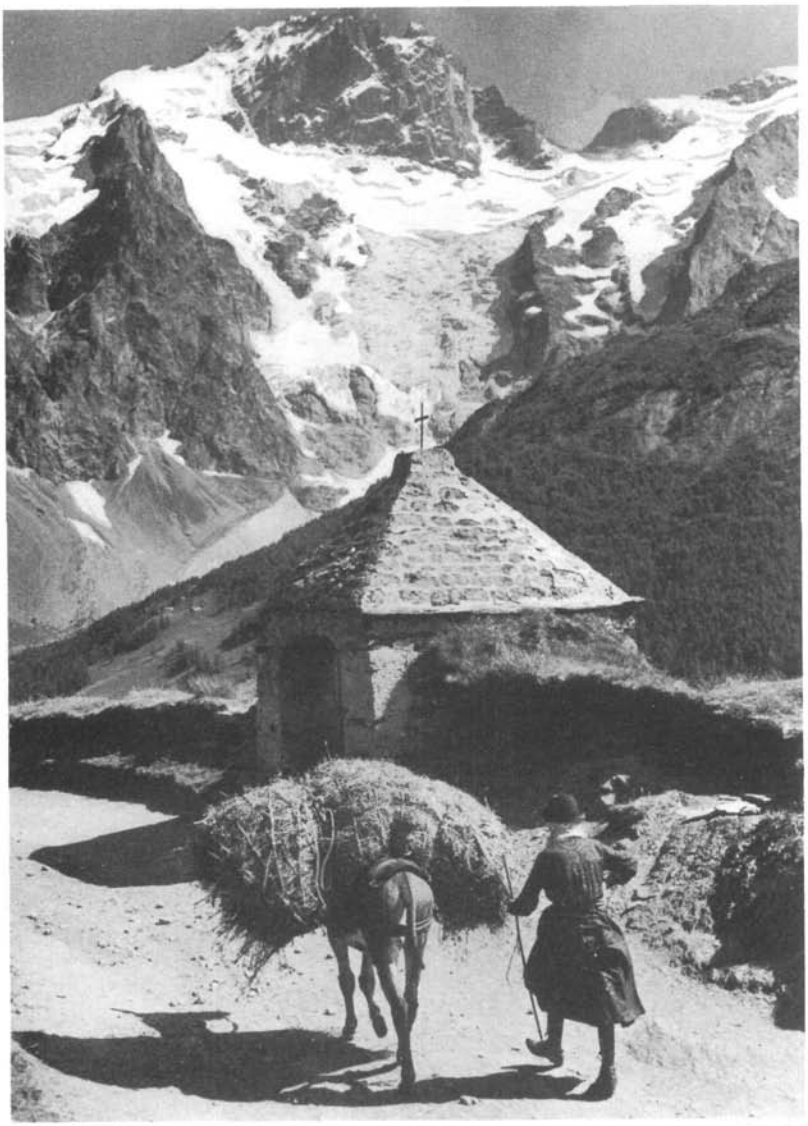

ANDRÉ DIÈNES PARIS

FODDER

MAY, 1938

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

LA PUDEUR

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

MESH

CORONET

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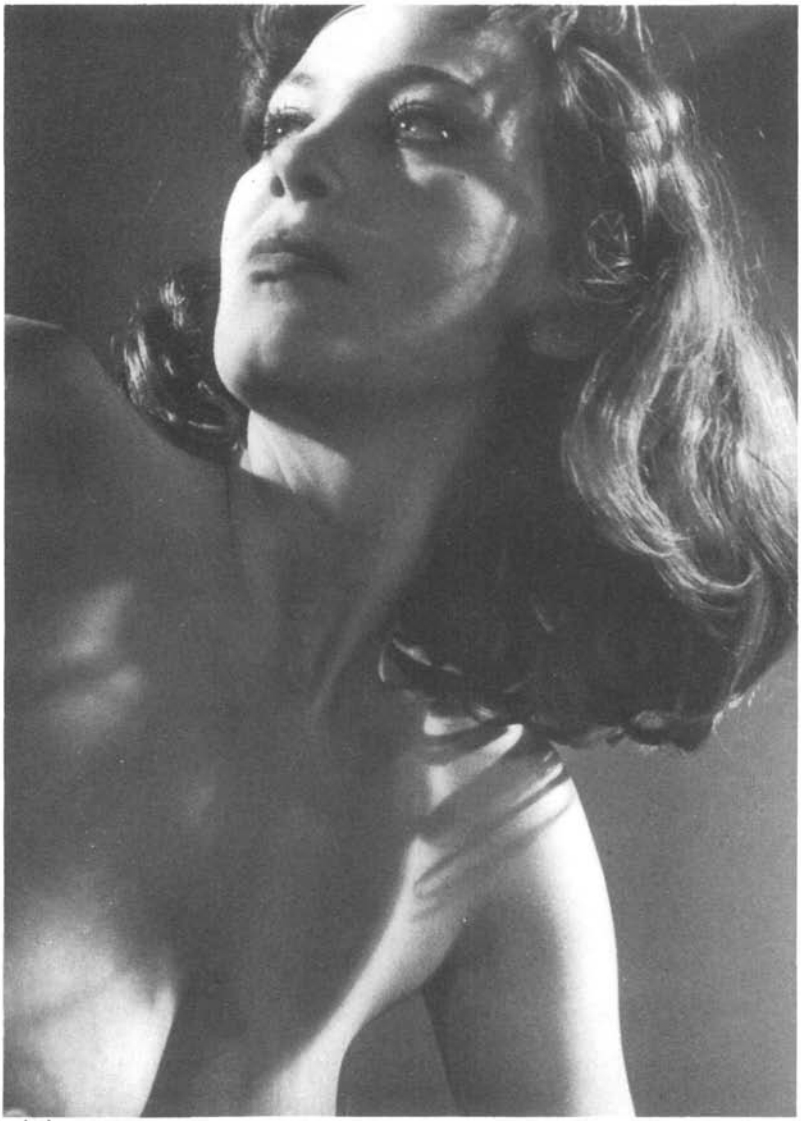

HÉLÈNE DEUTCH CHICAGO

RAPT

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

MIDDAY LANGUOR

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

MOOD

CORONET

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HURRELL HOLLYWOOD

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

DIAPHANOUS

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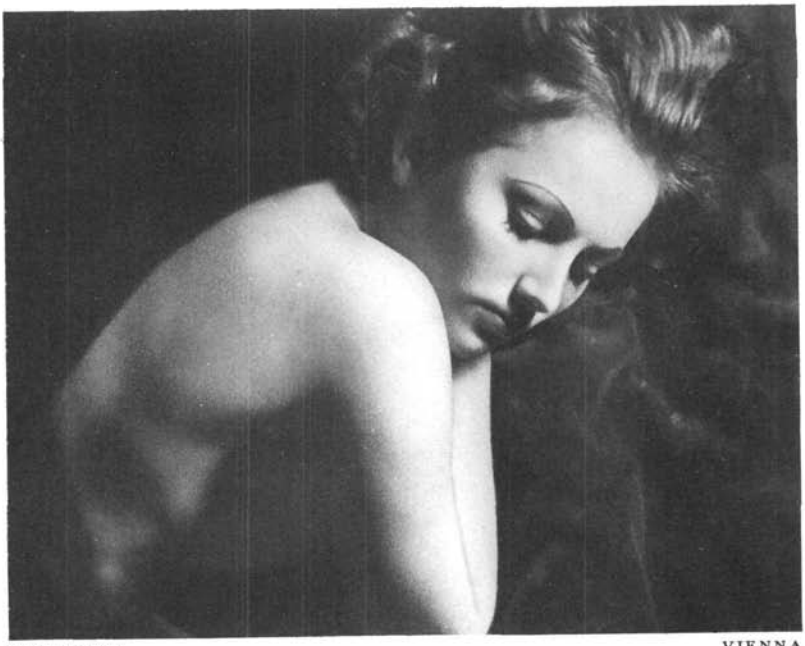

WILLINGER VIENNA

MIND'S EYE

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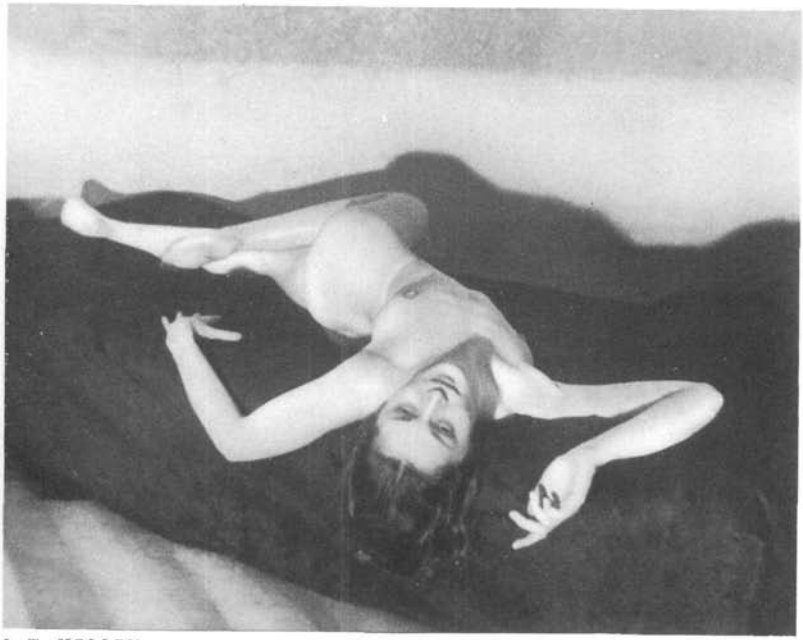

J. T. HOLLEY CHICAGO

STATIC RHYTHM

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

MONOTONE

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DR. IVO FRELIH LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

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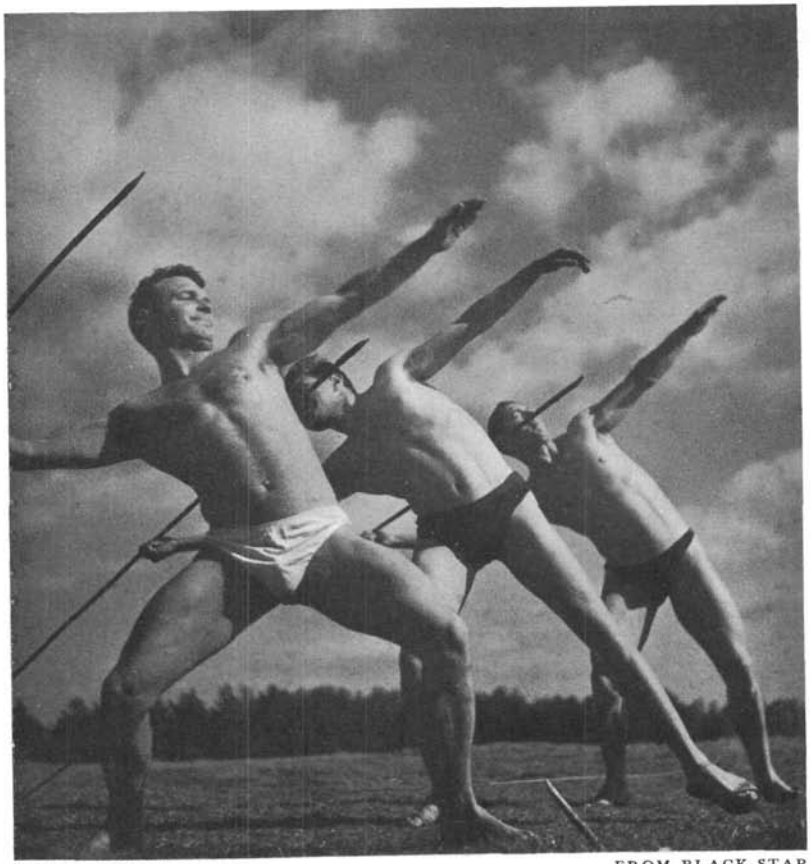

FEHER, PARIS

FROM BLACK STAR

TRIAL OF ARMS

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

BACKSTROKE

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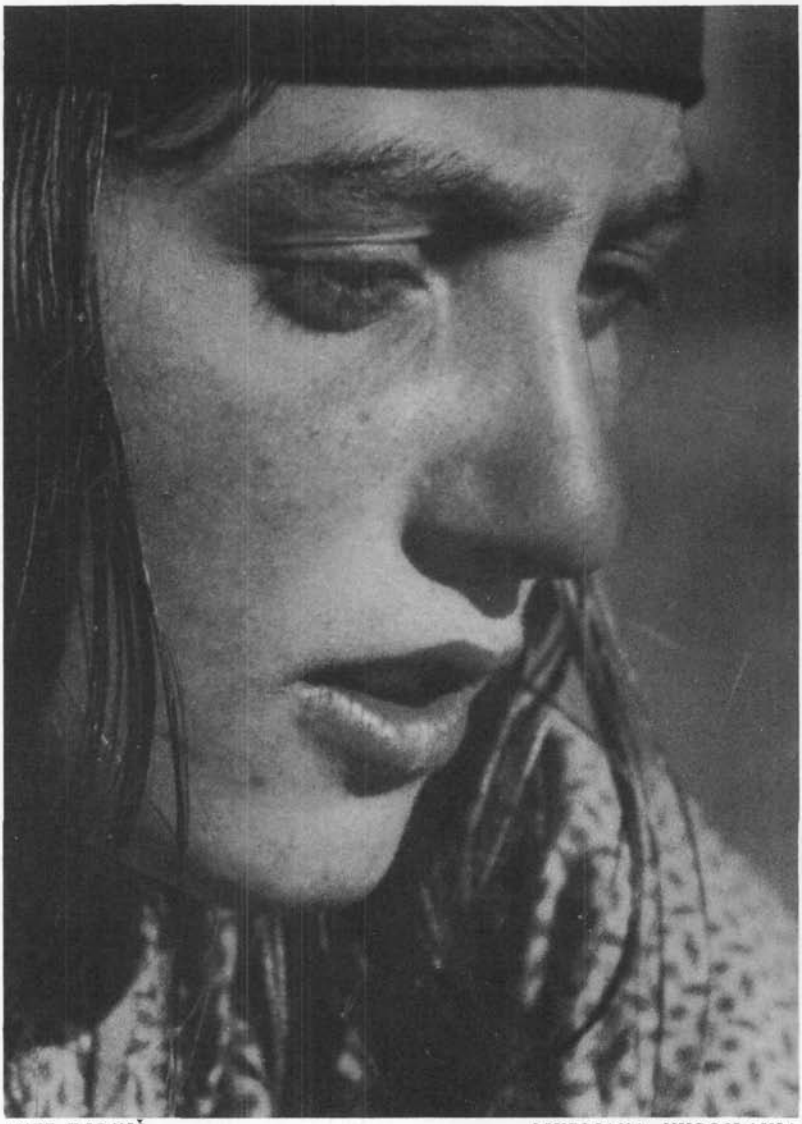

ANTE KORNIČ LJUBLJANA, YUGOSLAVIA

NOMAD

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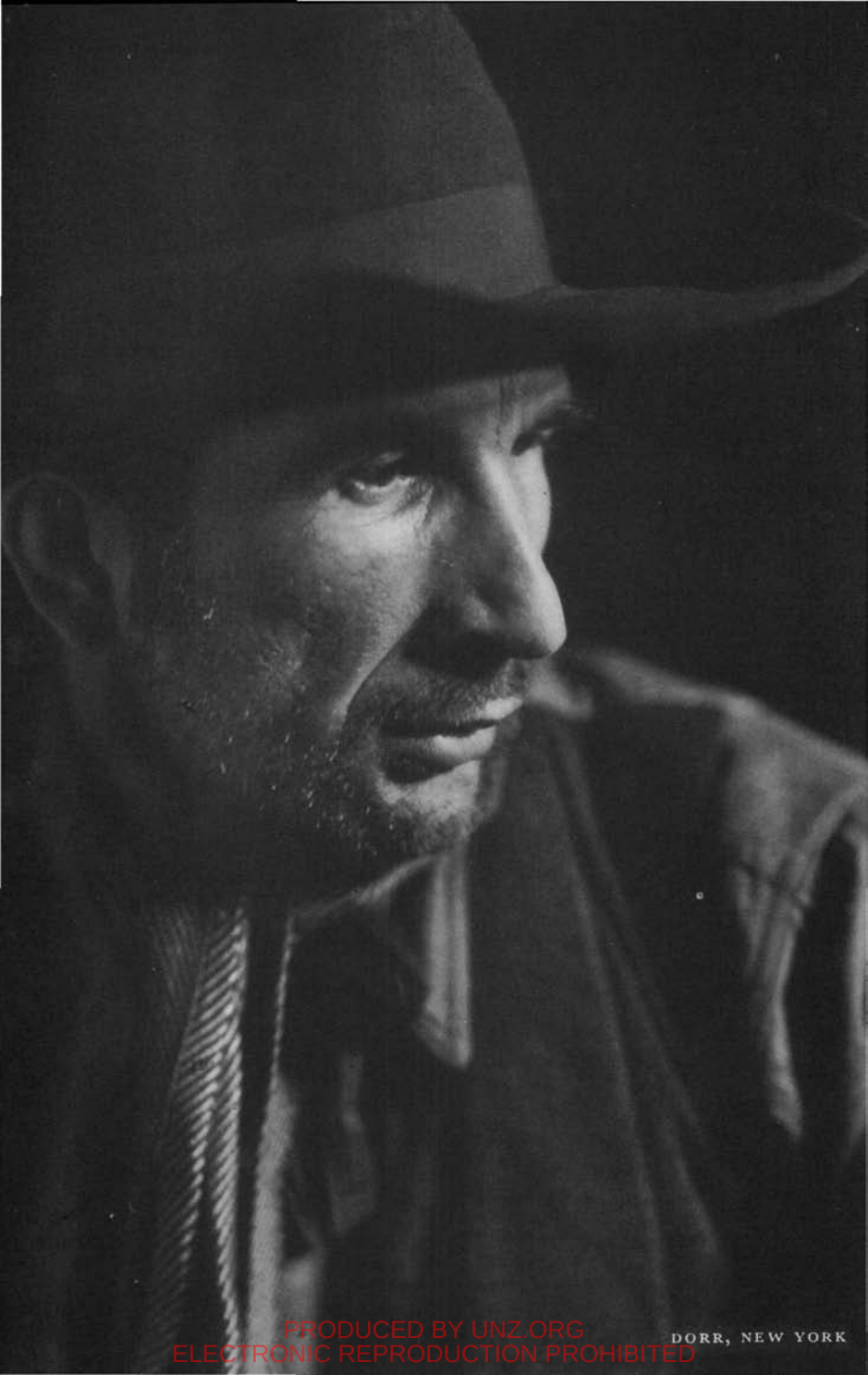

DORR, NEW YORK

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FRANKLIN COLLIER MONTGOMERY, ALA.

LOOKING AHEAD

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

LOOKING BACK

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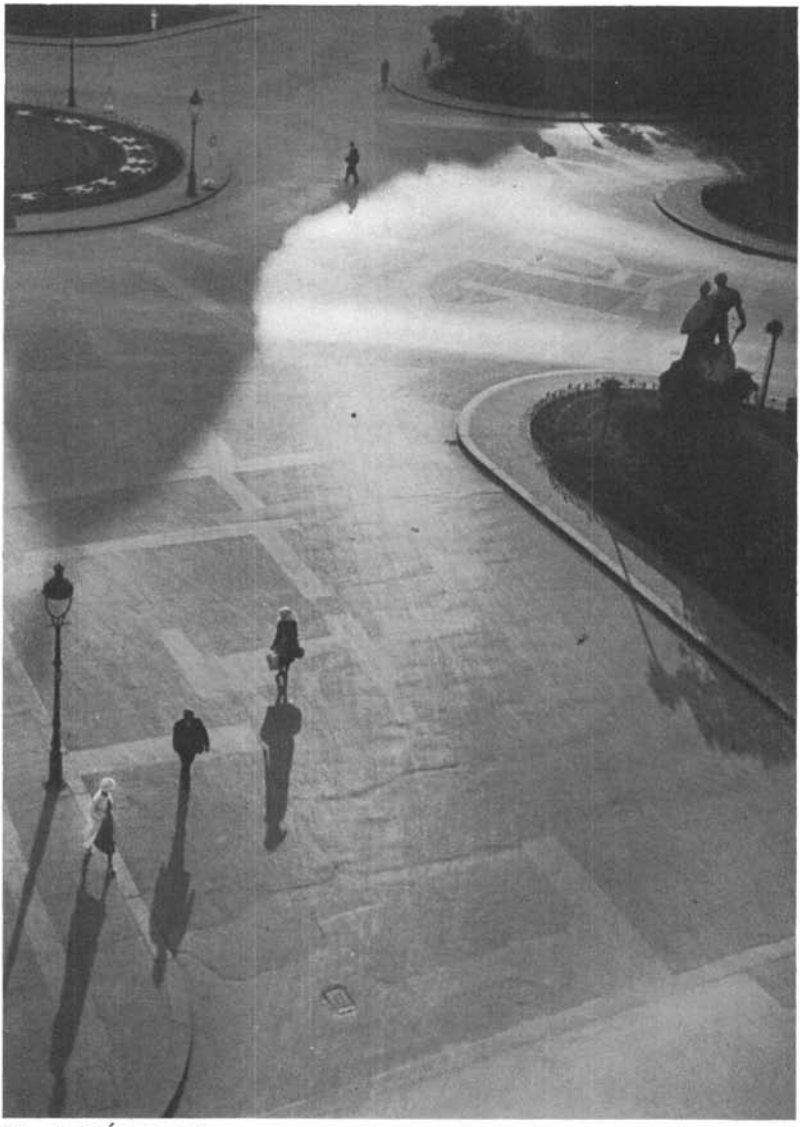

DR. ZOLTÁN ZAJKY BUDAPEST

SUNSET SHADOWS

CORONET

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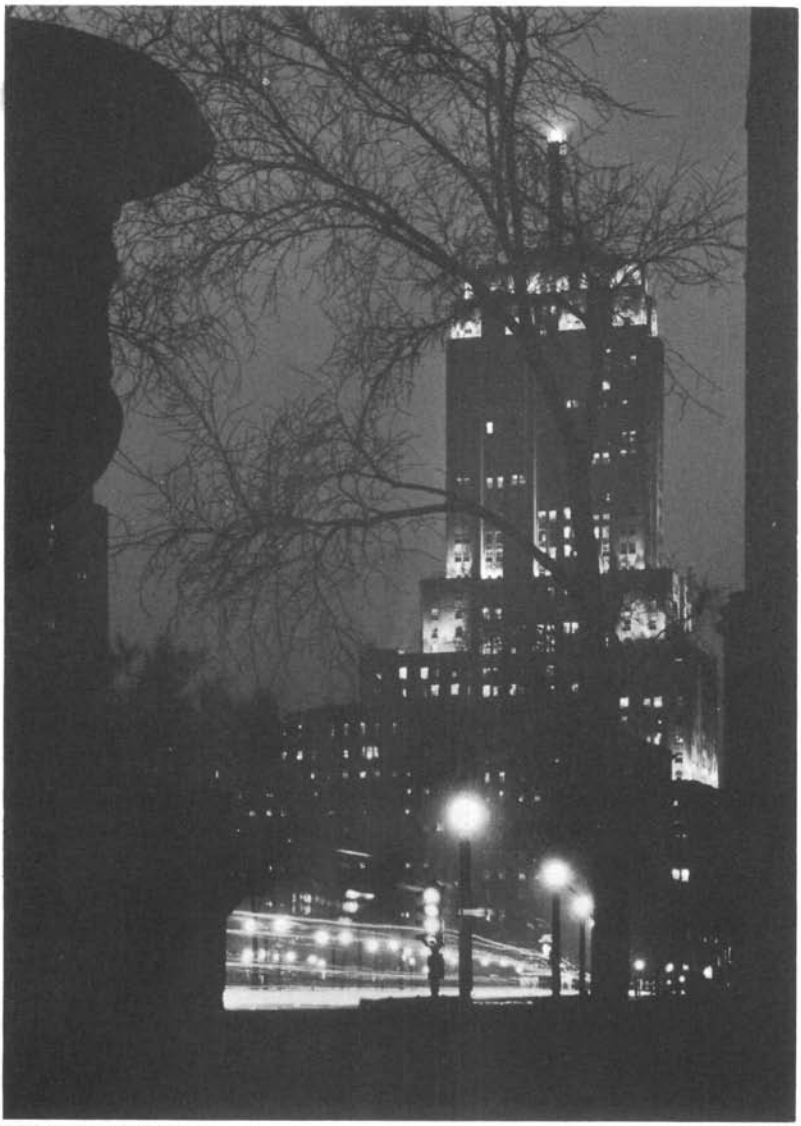

HEDRICH-BLESSING CHICAGO

BENEATH THE PALMOLIVE BEACON

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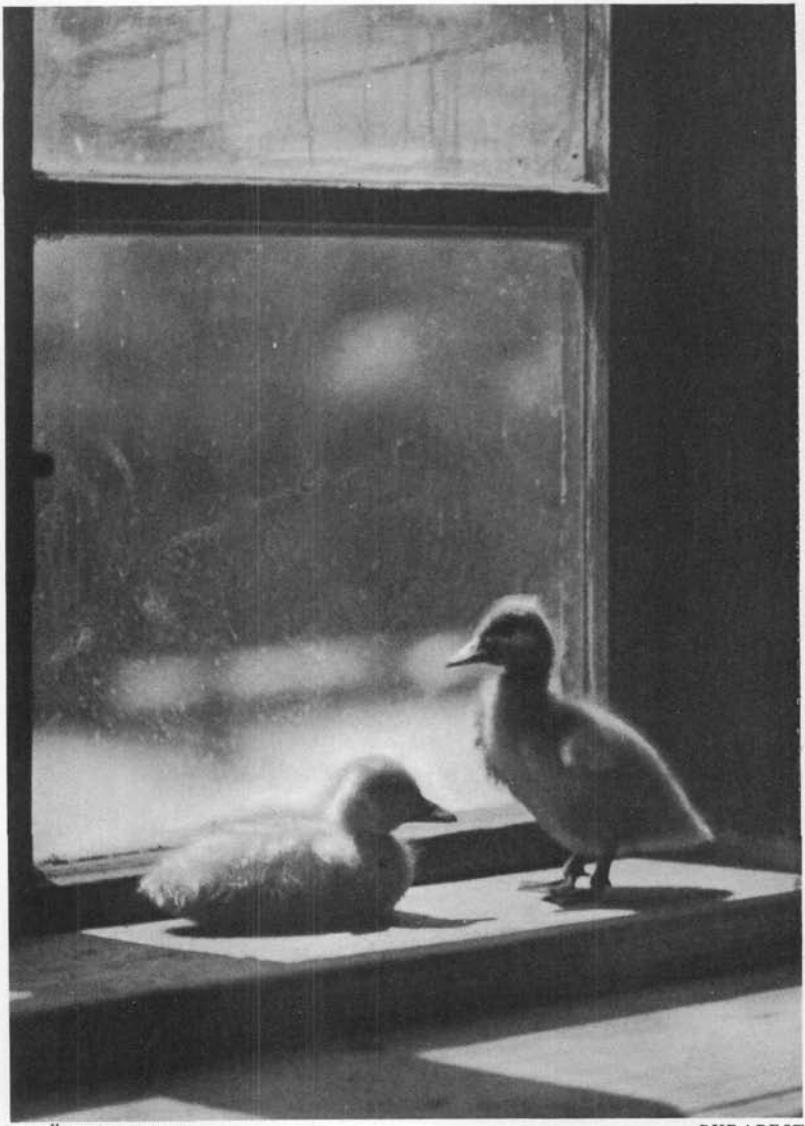

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

SISSIES

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DORIEN LEIGH LONDON

DAREDEVILS

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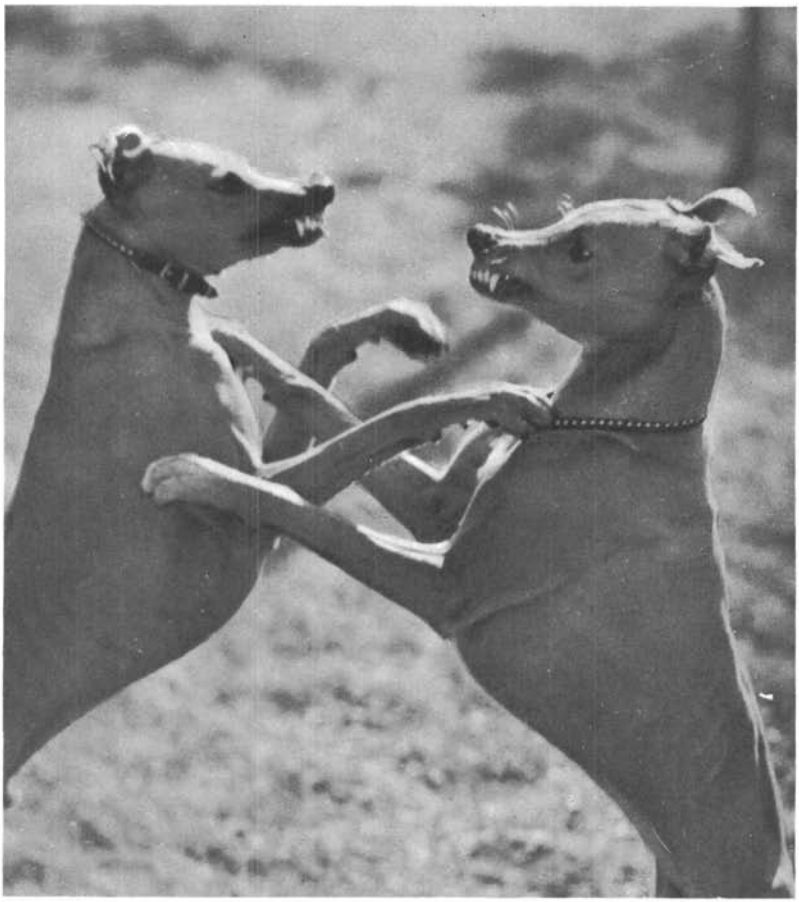

HEIN GORNY FROM U. S. PICTURES

MILITARISTS

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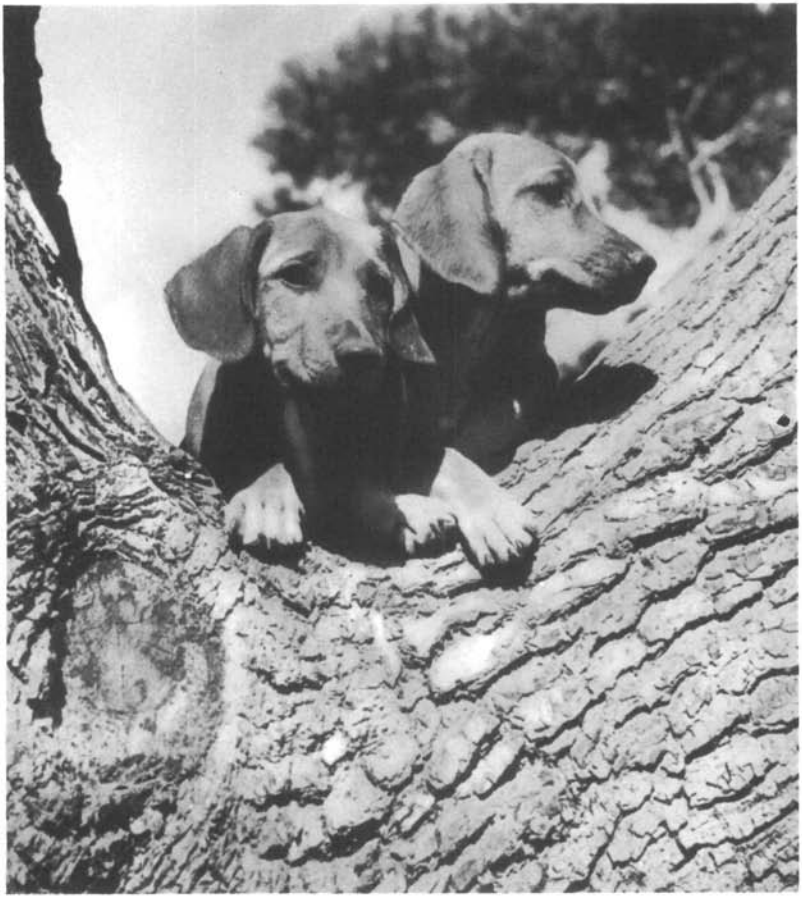

CHAPIREAU PARIS

PACIFISTS

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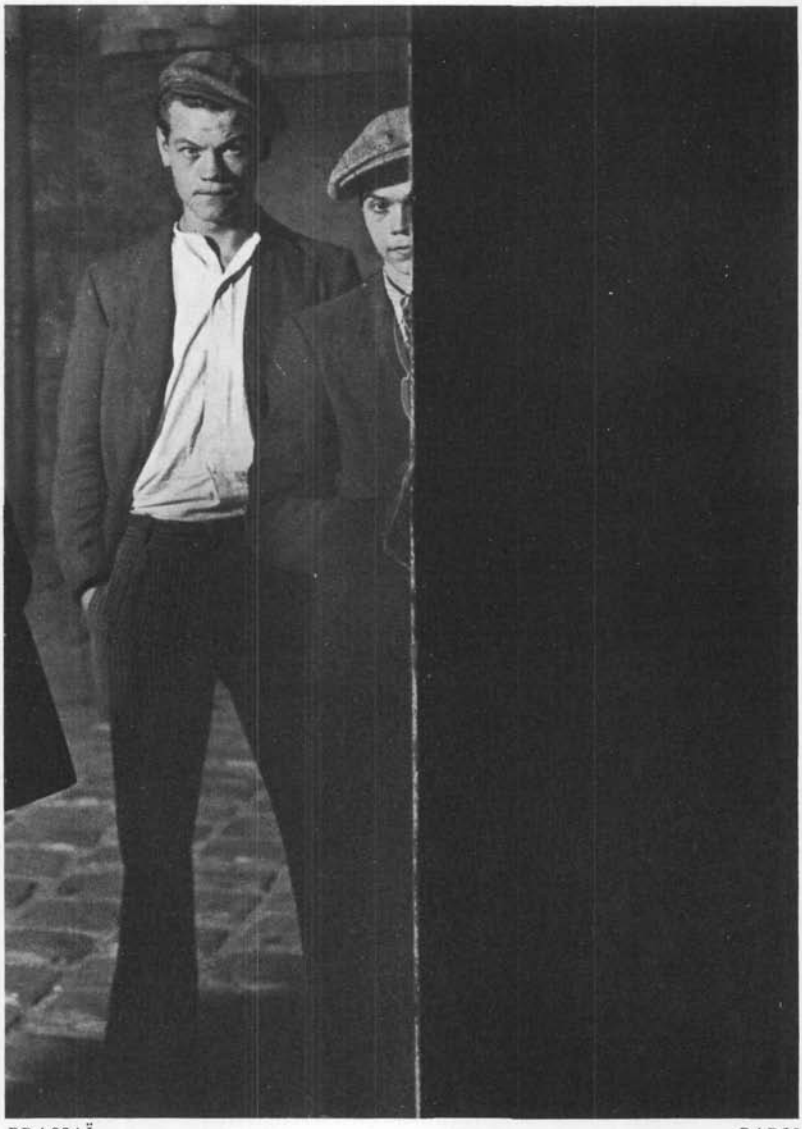

BRASSAÏ PARIS

PARIS TOUGHS

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

THE FIRST CUSTOMER

MAY, 1938

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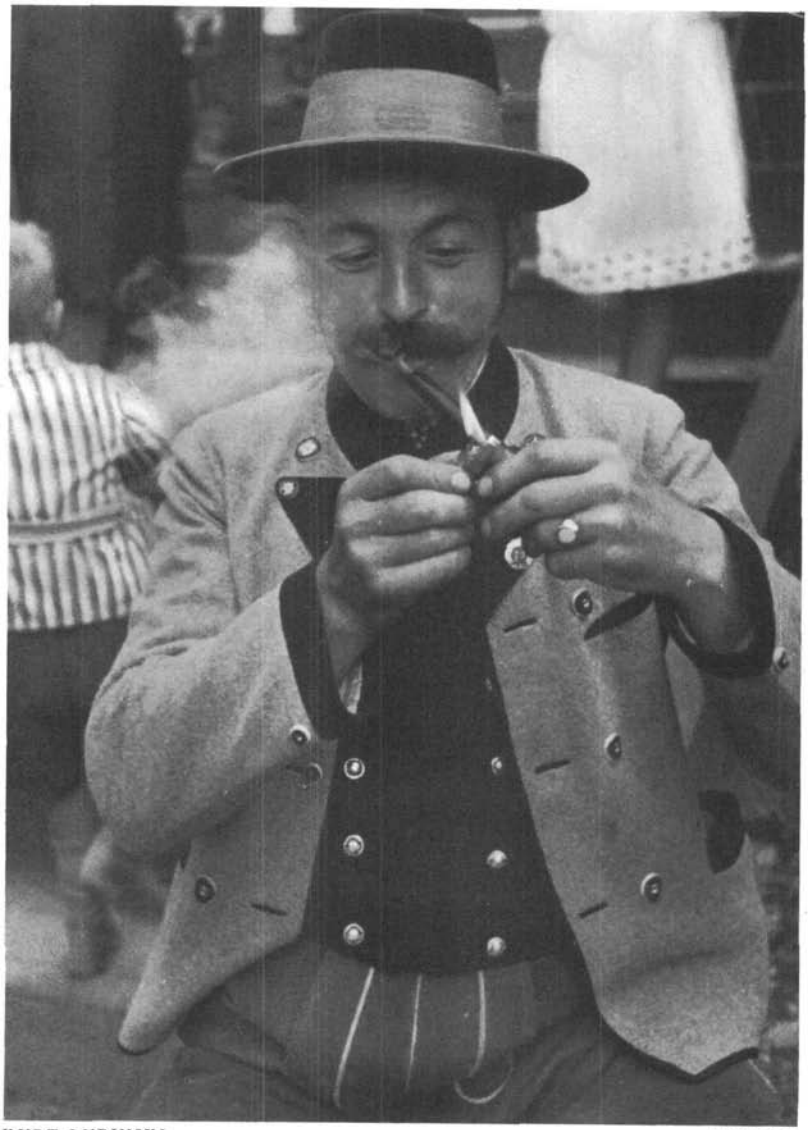

KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

STYRIAN BURGHER

CORONET

162

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KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

STYRIAN STEEL-WORKER

MAY, 1938

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HENRI CARTIER PARIS

VAIN EXAMPLE

CORONET

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KÁROLY KLETZ — MISKOLC, HUNGARY

HAND IN HAND

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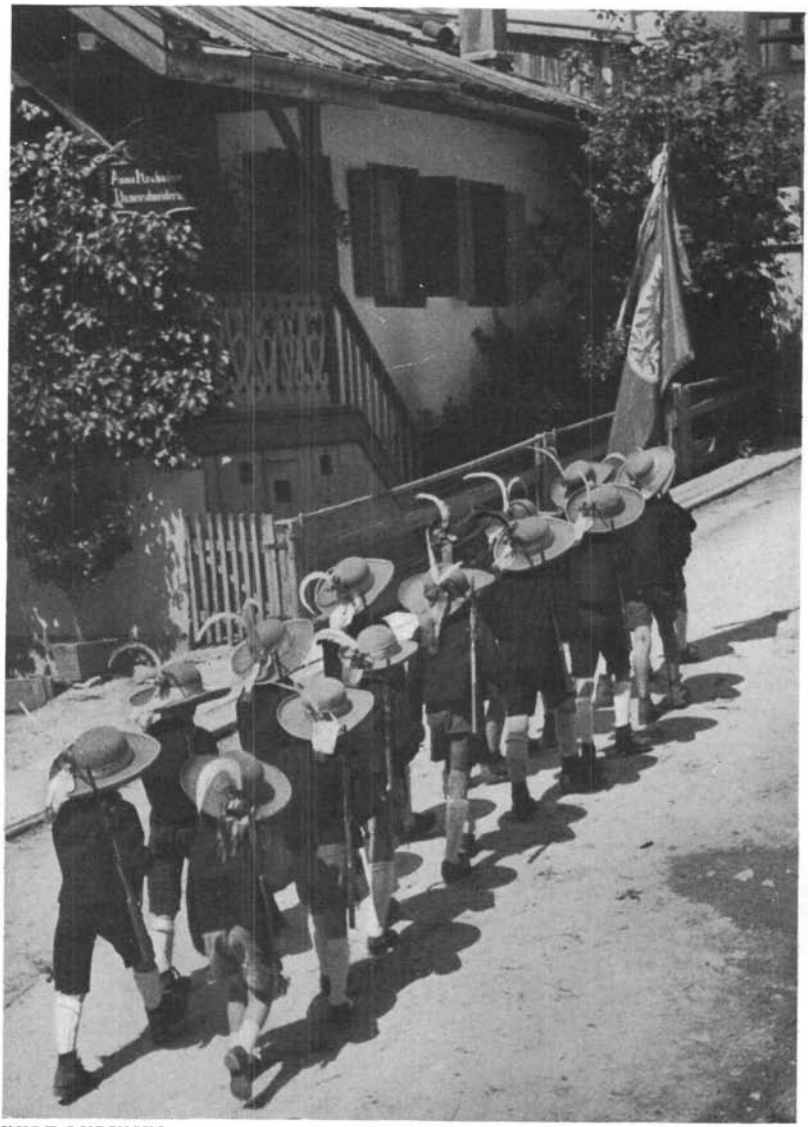

KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

LILLIPUT PARADE

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KERTÉSZ, NEW YORK

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

WELL WATER

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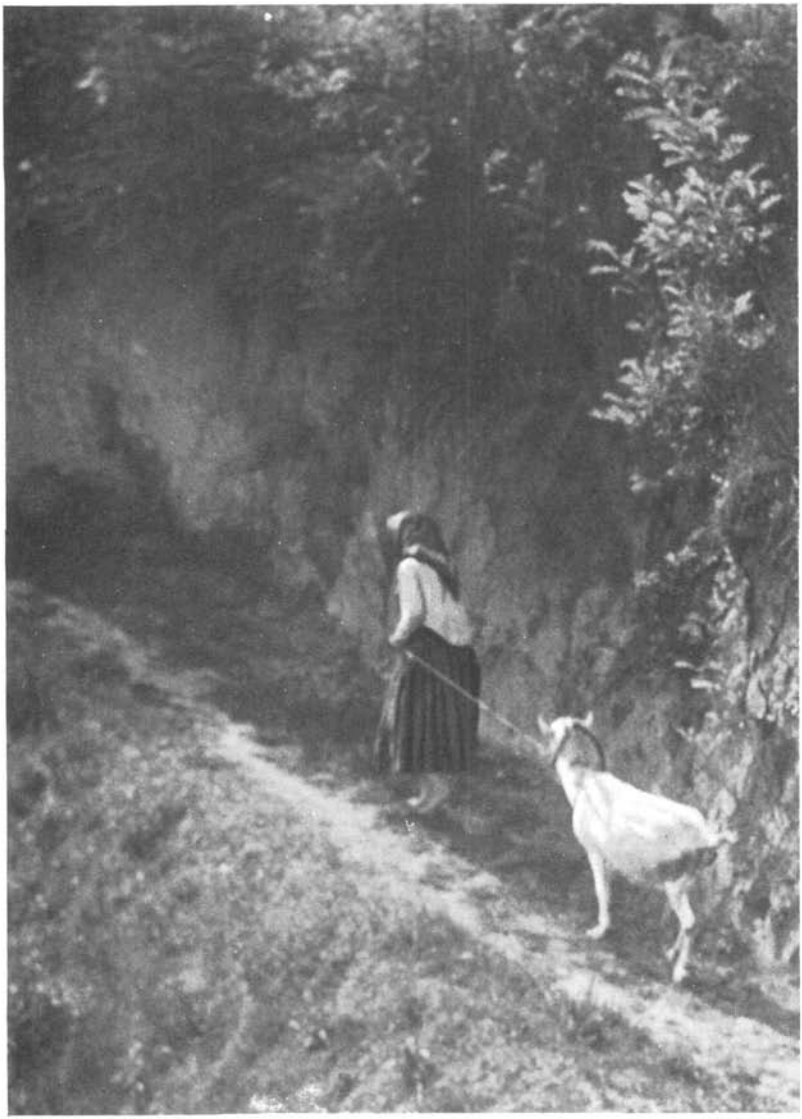

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

IN TOW

MAY, 1938

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DORR, NEW YORK

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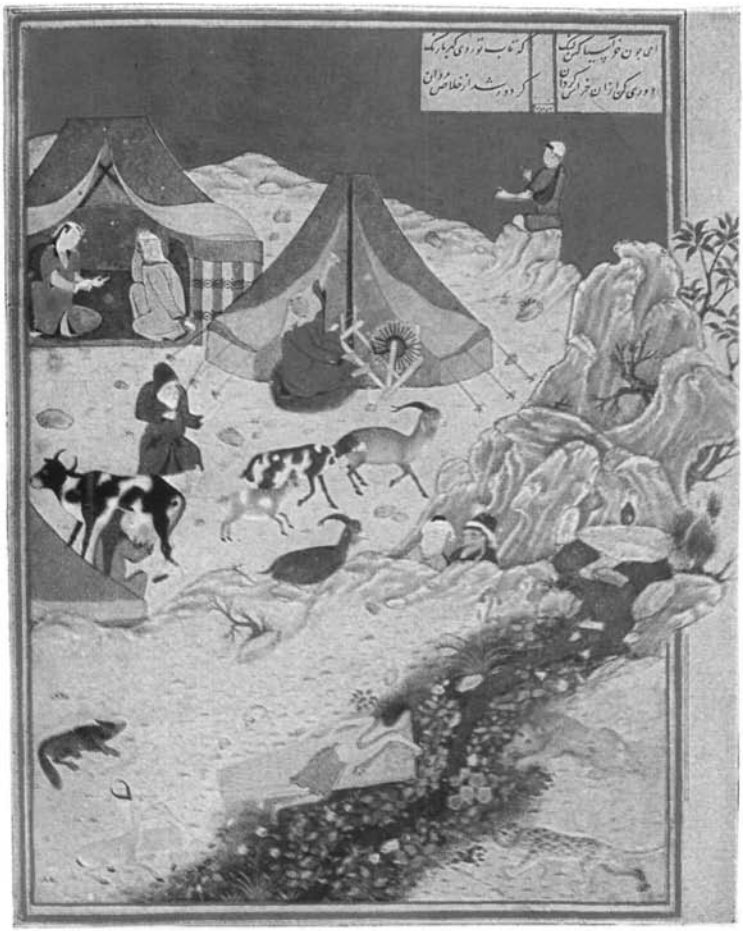

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

THE HEROIC TALES OF PERSIA

Perhaps the world's most incurable romanticists were the miniature painters of Persia, especially during the 15th-17th centuries when they were at their height. Always ready to believe the incredible and to record what never happened, with a fine dramatic sense they staged scene after scene in the colorful sequence of the heroic legends of Persia. But beyond this, they were artists—evolving with a richness of decoration, a delicacy of delineation and a minuteness of detail a style of painting unrivaled in the history of art.

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RUSTUM KNEELING BEFORE SOHRAB

The tragic tale of Sohrab and Rustum, which Matthew Arnold's poem made familiar to all, is here depicted at the moment when, after mortally wounding Sohrab in single-handed combat, the great Persian warrior discovers that he has unknowingly slain his own son.

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ALEXANDER VISITING A TEMPLE

The superhuman exploits of Alexander the Great were a favorite theme in the chronicles of all nations. That he crushed their land more cruelly than any other deterred the Persian miniaturists not in the least. Under the name of Iskander, they treated him as a son of Darius.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER ATTENDING QUEEN NUSHABAH

This portrayal of Alexander visiting an Oriental queen is true to type if not to fact. He himself took several wives from the Persian royal house, married a number of his generals to princesses and encouraged unions between the members of his army and Asiatic women.

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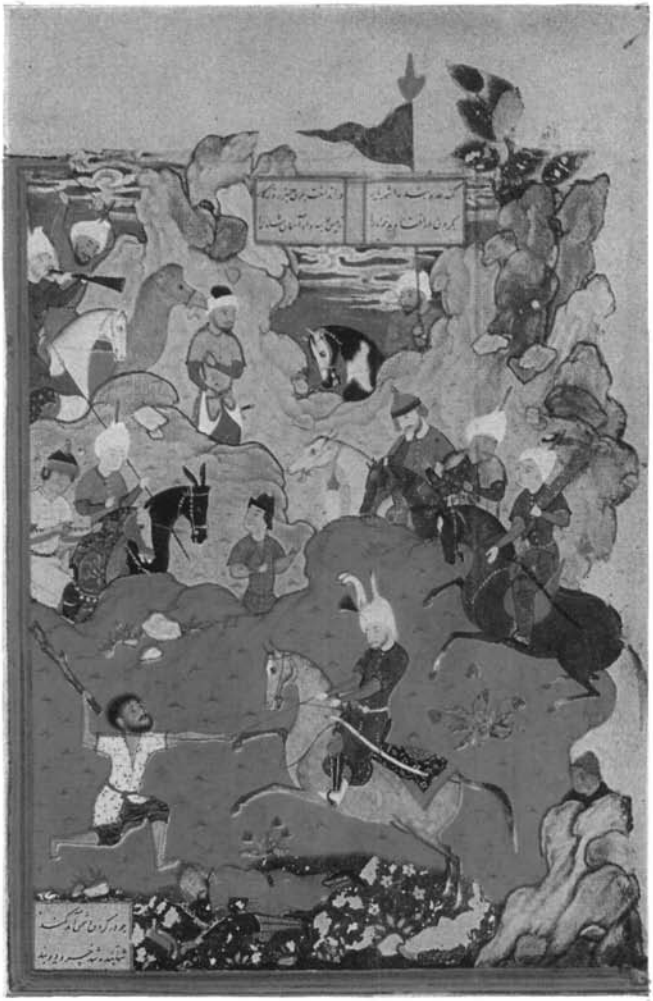

ALEXANDER IN VICTORIOUS BATTLE

History, as well as romantic legend, has always put Alexander in the forefront of every battle. On one occasion, when his troops were storming a hostile town, with only three companions, he leaped from the wall into the thick of the fray, fighting until severely wounded.

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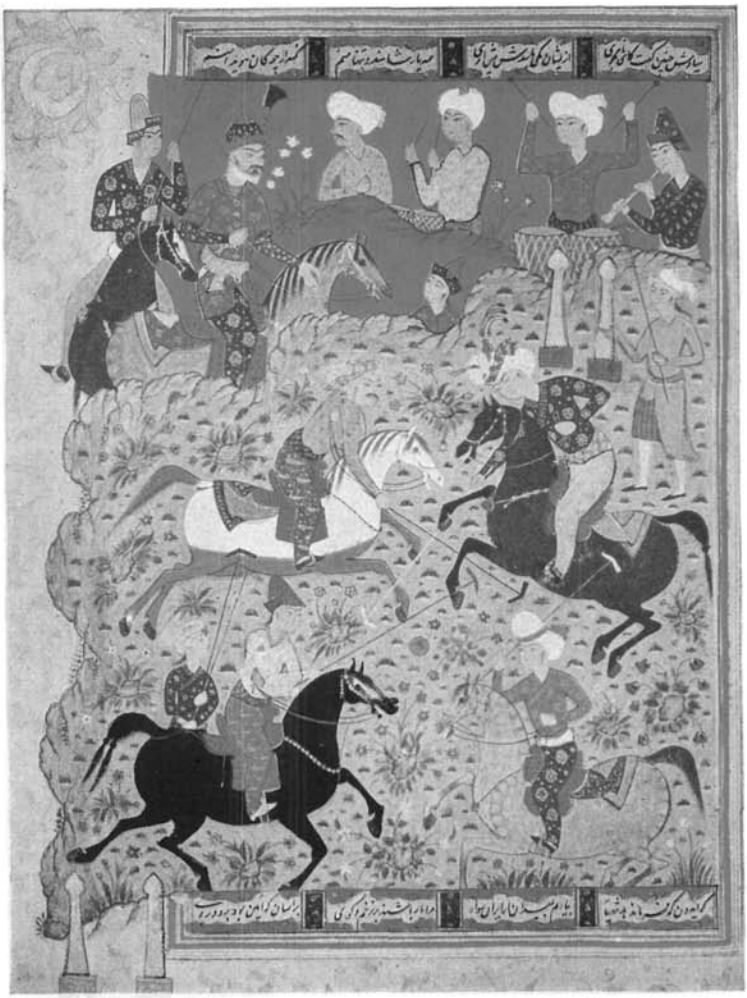

SIYAVUSH DISPLAYS HIS SKILL IN POLO

This miniature depicting a polo match between two chieftains emphasizes the fact that the earliest records of the game are Persian, dating as far back as 600 B.C. Note that, despite their V-shaped heads, the mallets bear a striking resemblance to modern equipment.

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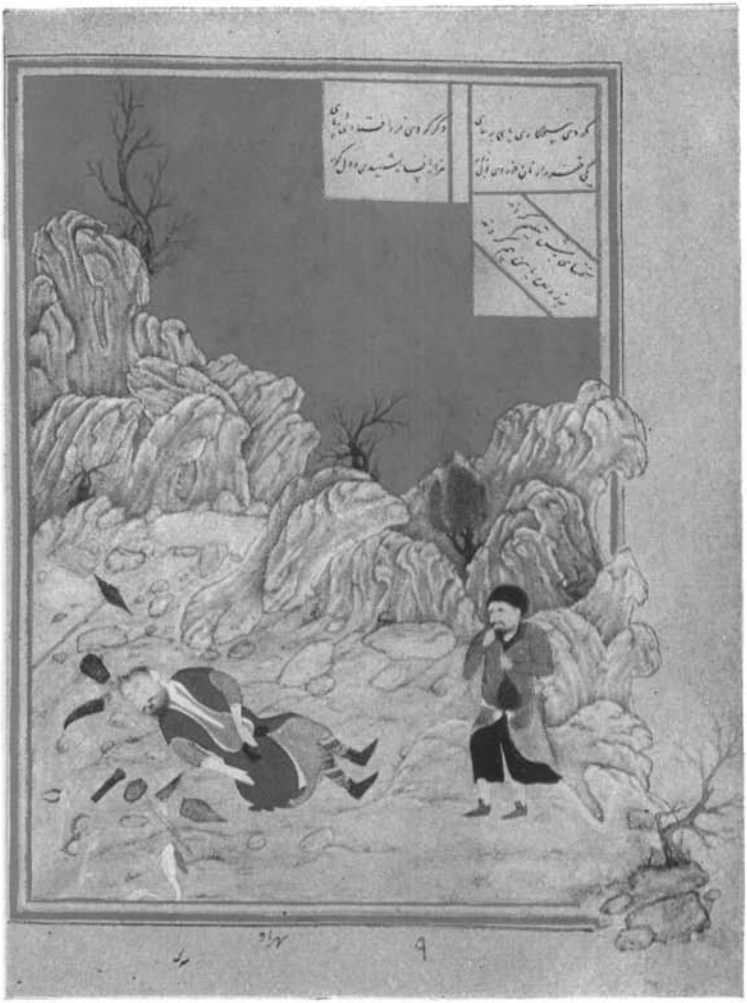

FAHRAD SWOONS AT THE FALSE NEWS

Shirin, betrothed to a king, falls in love with the architect Fahrad. The jealous king, after setting Fahrad a well-nigh impossible task which the architect completes, falsely sends word of Shirin's death. Fahrad faints and then recovers to throw himself over a precipice.

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BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

BUILDING BAHRAM GUR'S PALACE

The Persians built their houses of mud taken out of the ground at the site. Sun-baked, the walls were many feet thick but offered a major disadvantage. Housebreakers often burrowed their way through the walls at night, padding their tools to muffle the sound of digging.

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BACK TO NATURE

TWO ALTERNATIVES—AND HE COULD TAKE NEITHER WITHOUT FEELING LIKE A FOOL

WHEN he stood on the upper deck of a channel ship he morosely looked his last at the continent of Europe. The lights of the town and the harbor made an impressive spectacle. Here and there red, or blue, and then the big yellow beams which were to guide the ships through fog, though tonight there was only the filmiest mist, just enough to soften outlines and put a quality of magic in the air. The big lighthouse gave a theatrical verve to the scene, with its three short flashes, and one long, streaking out into the night. Flash, flash, flash, FLASH—then long seconds of darkness. His melancholy and rather abstract preoccupation with the scene grew more alert as he become conscious of the woman who was leaning quietly against the rail, scarcely more than an arm's length away. He liked the way she held herself, approved of her profile and her well-dressed, self-possessed manner. If it were not for the touch of hauteur about her he would have spoken to her, taken a chance on a half-hour of boredom for the sake of a possible hour or so of pleasantry. But she looked capable of a chilling snub, and he preferred not to risk it. So he continued to watch the harbor in impassive silence.

"Sometimes I think," she said presently in a distinct English voice, "that our whole life is like that. Moments of bright light, and then darkness. Something and then nothing. Just moments."

He was surprised. It had not occurred to him that she might speak to him, certainly not so precipitately. "Oh, I don't know," he answered, willing to follow her lead but perversely stubborn about her life-is-like-that opening. "The yellow fog lights are steady—even when there isn't any fog."

She looked at him narrowly for a moment, as the light fell full on him, and then turned back to the water, saying nothing. He waited, curious. "Moments are best," she said finally. "Short, full moments. It's only fooling yourself to think that anything lasts longer."

"Perhaps you only like the way that sounds." He was impatient at this philosophizing, and also strangely inclined to provoke her.

Again she looked at him closely as the light covered him. Apparently she

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was not angry. It was pleasant to find that she was rather beautiful. She smiled—a slow, attractive smile, her lips parted, her eyes still holding his. He felt her candid intimacy but was still not certain whether it was intentional.

She was looking over the water again, at the lighthouse they were now leaving far behind them. "You're one of the people who can live in the present," she said quietly. "You're not ruined by thinking—not yet."

"And you?" he asked.

For a long time she made no answer. Her eyes, looking downward into the water, were veiled by heavy lashes that almost touched her cheeks. "One shouldn't be afraid of life," she said finally.

For a long time she ignored him, leaning on the rail and staring motionlessly into the night. He knew she was no less aware of him than he was of her.

"What are all those dozens of lights on the water over there?" she asked finally.

"That's the fishing fleet."

"I should like to be out there, on one of those boats. I should like it very much."

"Have you considered the kind of company you'd be in? Maybe you'd find it a little rough, in spite of the gentle waves."

To his astonishment she threw back her head and looked at him with narrowed, scornful eyes. "Oh you're stupid," she cried, "you're appallingly stupid."

He laughed, mildly indulgent. "Just as you say," he answered easily. "I've often thought so myself."

She turned away from the fishing fleet and leaned backward against the rail, facing him. Her breasts were firm and well-shaped, her figure pleasantly rounded. "Are you married?" she asked.

For some reason which he did not bother to consider he felt that a lie was preferable to truth. "Yes," he answered flatly.

"Is your wife on board?"

"No." He did not want to entangle himself in any lies that might be difficult to handle.

"Is she American too?"

"Yes, very American."

"American women are very attractive. And they have a fine air of freedom about them. But it's all only in their movement and their talk. They're not much freer, really, than English women. The English," she said, looking fixedly at his shoes, "have so many inhibitions."

"Every Englishwoman says that," he answered, still perversely inclined to antagonize her.

She ignored the remark, but her fingers drummed the rail impatiently for a moment before she answered. "The English are afraid of anything that sweeps them off their feet, anything real and elemental. The English are worms. They have no passion."

His first impulse to defend himself

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against her began to seem a little silly. Certainly she was taking the initiative without much disguise, but there was a kind of satisfying realism in that. And after all, she was uncommonly attractive. He liked the frankness of her attack, the bite of her anger. However callow her sentiments, there was no simpering coyness in her use of them.

Here was a woman frankly woman, aware of herself and sexually mature. There was an electric spark in her touch, and his physical intelligence told him she would be a lover to be remembered.

But still he hesitated. This cat must be watched for yet a while.

"And yet you're English," he said, his voice still ironic. "You consider yourself different?"

"Certainly," she answered. "Just as you do."

She looked at him directly, apparently indifferent if their silent exchange of glances became unduly significant. Without moving her head she slowly turned her body, so that she was facing him, but still looking past him, out upon the water, which was now rolling in the long swells of the open sea. There were no longer any lights on the horizon.

She did not touch him, but she was so close that he caught the faint aroma of her hair and clothes.

A figure came up out of the darkness around them, paused for an instant and flashed a quick light across them from an electric pocket torch.

The girl started, her muscles recoiling in anger. "How dare you!" she muttered between tight teeth. The American was looking at the silent figure, an officer of the ship. "What's the meaning of this?" he asked curtly. "Are you trying to introduce a curfew on this boat?"

The officer's face, dimly seen, was tense and disagreeable. He clicked and bowed. "Sorry sir," he said in a voice that held as much insolence as apology, and he moved away.

"Come," she said peremptorily. "Let's take a walk."

They strolled slowly up and down the short deck. He noticed that she had dropped her rather arrogant provocativeness and was curling herself with admirable versatility into quite another technique. She slipped her arm through his as they walked, not in careless friendliness, but consciously, hesitantly, with a calculated assumption of intimacy. For some time she said nothing, letting silence produce its own coiling insinuations.

Finally she spoke, in a low voice. "You like me too," she announced evenly.

He was intensely conscious of the movement of her body against his side as they paced together, the curve of her breast against his arm. In the caressing tone her manner demanded he answered, "I find you a most charming and mysterious lady."

Her fingers had slipped down to his wrist, and were playing upon the ridges of his veins, just above his palm. They

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had reached once more the turn in their promenade and paused for a moment before retracing their steps. A flying lock of her hair brushed against his temple, and her fragrance enveloped him like a sudden wisp of fog.

Roughly he caught her arm, bending it toward him. He was no longer divided by a skeptical trace of hesitation, but was intent only on hurting and breaking this tormentor who so recklessly challenged his hurting and breaking. She had asked for it and now she would have it. This game of pursuit and capture could not be idly played.

She said nothing, and as he caught her body he felt its smoldering intensity, fire running to fire. He looked into her face, turned to him in eager expectancy. And then her eyes, looking past his shoulder, suddenly narrowed in rage, and for the briefest instant her body tautened in a reflexive flutter. A light had flashed, some distance back of him, and then again darkness. He wheeled around and there was no one on the entire length of the deck except themselves. He glanced at the girl, and found her watching him with an expression that was tense and frightened until she dropped her eyes and carefully resumed her poise. For a moment neither of them spoke, and then he grinned, but without much amusement. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and they resumed their walk.

"You've made this trip often?" he asked finally, with an impeccable air of politeness.

She was surly now. "Often?" she repeated. "I don't know what you mean by often."

"Often," he answered, "means frequently—or habitually."

She turned on him like a cat, a lithe, beautiful cat. "You are intolerable," she said tensely. "You are—utterly crude."

Her anger was so electric he wanted again to catch her and break that shameless effrontery. But he had no intention of following any such wayward impulse. "Perhaps it would be best," he announced deliberately, "for me to say goodnight." And with careful courtesy he added, "It has been indeed a very pleasant evening."

"Wait," she cried, catching his arm as he turned from her. "Don't go away like that. You're being frightfully dull. We'll go down to my cabin and have a cigarette. It's—it's cold up here."

Even now she was more imperious than pleading. He still half hoped he could believe in her discrimination. This wistful hope, in fact, gave his voice now a touch of gentleness that he did not intend. "You've made this crossing a good many times," he said, "and in making it you've had a good many adventures."

Her arm was through his, and she was walking toward the door of the lounge. "It's getting too cold up here to talk," she said, unperturbed.

He released himself and faced her squarely. "Just a minute," he said. "Let's get this straight." There was

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such mockery in her eyes that he proceeded more bluntly than he would have liked. "The last time you crossed," he announced evenly, "you were with that officer we saw back there." She made no movement, and steadily returned his glance. "I'll come to your cabin with you," he continued, "if you tell me this is your first adventure on this boat."

He would not have been surprised at a vehement denial, or humility perhaps, or even angry bravado. But he had not expected her to be merely indifferent. "You're jealous of him," she said tauntingly. "I could see it in your face when he flashed us—the idiot."

"Jealous!" he repeated scornfully. "I'm jealous of no one." In an instant her arms were about him and she had caught his mouth in a tempestuous kiss. She was pressed close against him, and for a moment he lost all interest in what her character might be. But he quickly remembered the officer and regained his indignation. Not too gently he caught her elbows and held her firmly.

"Now listen to me," he said, thinking fast for a means of preserving self-respect without breaking the requirements of chivalry. "You said you're cold. If you like, I'll go below and get my coat for you. But we dock very early in the morning and the best thing you could do would be to go right to your cabin and get some sleep."

Her lips curled in a smile of bitter scorn, her eyes flashed in derision. "Oh how stupid you are," she cried. "Why can't you say your vanity is outraged, and be done with it? Why all this polite hypocrisy? Go on below, if that's the way you feel. And don't trouble yourself to come back. I'm not interested."

When he reached the corridor leading to his cabin he was not greatly surprised to encounter the officer, apparently walking through on some business. He looked at the man coldly, without speaking, and noticed that the glance he received in return held more of misery than of defiance. He entered his cabin and closed the door.

To his annoyance he still felt rather shaken. He sat down on his berth and lighted a cigarette. Certainly she was a most desirable woman—but no matter. She was much too easy. Somehow this did not seem a sufficient reason for refusing her. There was something about her—a kind of instinctive challenge to combat and subjection—that made it seem merely juvenile to judge her by ordinary canons of demure propriety. Well, he wanted her. Whether it was in spite of her candor or because of it, the fact remained that he wanted to have her. Indeed? With that sulking officer as predecessor, and God knows how many others, equally casual? Absolutely not.

He kicked off his shoes, lay back and picked up a book. He felt very confused. Let her find somebody else to be spontaneous with. For the first time he found he was glad to be going home.

—Elizabeth Todd

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COMPLIMENT

The wind—
What does it say
To willows that they bow
So low, and whisper each to each,
And Laugh?

FROG

Run! Shout!
The ice has come—
Be idiots if you will.
But I'll dig deep, for I remember
Glaciers.

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MUSKMELON

The moon,—
A ripe muskmelon,
Gold-sliced and luscious, posed
On thin, star-cut, black crystal plate
Of Night.

FATALIST

I saw
A fire leap once
In gold and myrtle flame.
A chance wind passed, and there
remained
Gray ashes.

—M. Walthall Jackson

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A NOTE ON GRIEG

WHO RELINQUISHED HIS CHILDHOOD DREAMS TO ACHIEVE GREATNESS WITHIN HIS LIMITATIONS

AT LAST I saw Grieg. From in front he resembles a genial photographer, from behind, his way of doing his hair makes him look like a sunflower. . . . Despite his age, he conducts with care and vigor. He is an exquisite musician when he interprets the folk music of his country. Apart from this, he is only clever, more concerned with effects than with genuine art. . . . His music gives me the charming and bizarre sensation of eating a pink bon-bon stuffed with snow."

These were Debussy's impressions of Norway's greatest composer, when the latter, at sixty, conducted the *Concerts-Colonne* in the *Théâtre du Chatelet*.

Grieg, a few years before, indignant at the verdict in the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, had publicly refused to conduct in France. When he did appear, French patriots boiled. "Apologize, you have insulted France!" they shouted at his concert. It was the single time Grieg was hissed in his otherwise uneventful life.

Born in Bergen of Scotch forebears, Edvard Grieg learned of music from his purely Norwegian mother, who was often at the piano and once a week invited friends in for a homely musical evening. From a corner, the young Grieg first heard the melodies of Mozart and von Weber and, when the guests had gone, tried to pick them out for himself.

"I was not satisfied with just the notes of the tune," he wrote afterwards. "I tried to make harmonies, first a third, then a triad, and after that a full four-note chord. Then I attempted to play with both hands. My joy knew no bounds when I discovered the chord of the ninth. Nothing in music ever aroused greater enthusiasm in me."

At twelve he was composing, and took to an unappreciative schoolmaster his manuscript book with, *Variationen über eine Deutsche Melodie für Piano, von Edvard Grieg, Opus I* magnificently scrawled on its title page. Three years later, Ole Bull, picturesque and eye-filling, rode up to the Grieg summer house straight from his triumphs in America, joked like an ordinary mortal, and advised sending the dazed boy to the Leipzig Con-

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servatory for further study and expert instruction.

Edvard was awkward, non-communicative and none-too-tractable when he arrived in the medieval city, as he said, "a parcel stuffed with dreams . . . without the slightest idea what it meant to study music . . . dead certain, however, that I would return home a wizard-master in the kingdom of sounds."

Gradually the truth dawned: after years of drudgery he might not succeed. He remained to graduate, though the atmosphere of Leipzig kept him continually befogged and bewildered. It was only when he returned to Scandinavia that his imagination was released, that he felt free to sing as he liked.

He settled in Oslo (then Christiania), teaching, conducting, visiting quiet fjords in summer, fishing on grey days, playing cards in the long winter nights, hearing the country people sing and dance and the traveling fiddlers improvise on the *harding-fele*, composing music to the writings of Ibsen and Björnsen. Grieg wrote his music with a lead pencil, erased again and again until he was satisfied. Then he traced it over in ink and sent the original to his publisher.

Grieg needed solitude and seclusion when he worked. If he felt that anyone, even his wife, were listening, he would close the piano and stop. In his younger days he had a small workroom in a piano factory, with instruments being tuned in rooms all around him. It didn't bother him because he knew no one could hear him. In later years, his work was done in a roughly built log cabin, a "tune-house" he called it, furnished with piano, table and chair.

All his life his health was bad. He early lost the use of one lung, and he was high-strung, thin, bloodless. But no matter what the weather, he took a daily walk, wrapped in a mantle, wearing large rubbers and carrying an enormous umbrella.

Happy was his marriage to his cousin, Nina Hagerup—the Nina of *Jeg elsker dig*.

His best songs were written for her, and she was their best interpreter. "Nothing is easier to criticize," wrote a reviewer, "than Mrs. Grieg's singing . . . yet no singer ever made such impression on me." Ibsen, after hearing the Griegs perform, clasped their hands and whispered, "Understood!"

Tschaikowsky cried when he heard them in Leipzig and wrote often in his diary about them. "Never have I met a better informed or more highly cultivated woman. She is an excellent judge of our literature . . . as amiable, as gentle, as childishly simple and without guile as her celebrated husband."

Their few appearances together were box office hits. Christiania, Copenhagen, Leipzig, Rome, Paris and London greeted them with sold-out houses. G. B. S. reported he couldn't get near them as the green room was filled with "young ladies who, loving

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the sweet stuff, were eager to see and adore the confectioner." They appeared before Victoria at Windsor Castle.

Grieg was as simple and unaffected with royalty as with his friends. When honored by a decoration, he said, "Thank you," and put the medal in his back pocket. A Grand Duchess rescued it and twittered, "Dear Mr. Grieg, let me show you where to pin it."

Grieg did not take care of himself. At sixty-four, he died from heart-failure. His wife saw his ashes laid in the spot he had chosen, a grotto in the cliff below Troldhaugen, overlooking the fjord. A plain, granite slab was carved roughly: EDVARD GRIEG. The landing place below was filled with broken stones. He was left alone, as he wanted, in the heart of the country he loved.

Fru Nina Grieg lived nearly thirty winters after him, still humming his musical love letters to her. "I knew seventy years ago I was marrying a great man," she said when we talked a few years ago in Voss, "and now . . . now I think *maybe* his music will live."

★ ★ ★

Much of it will not. His longer works lack solidity and breadth. They are patchy. His themes are pleasant but he has difficulty in handling them. His technique is limited: he cannot arrange with ease more than a few elements.

He combines by juxtaposition rather than by interfusion. He does not weave a tapestry, he assembles a mosaic. His talent is not symphonic nor operatic, but lyric.

His subject matter is seldom epic or dramatic. He does not thunder the deeds, of mighty gods, the sagas of ancient heroes. Minstrel of the North, he sings of quiet landscapes, tranquil thoughts, spontaneous moods and feelings that glow not with the heat of the sun but with inner warmth.

His best songs are matchless. In them the gentlest feelings of the heart are caught as if by a sensitive child, a child whose apprehension of beauty is true and generous and not freighted with conscious, anxious philosophizing.

Grieg is straightforward, completely untheoretical, unspeculative. With a few bold and vivid strokes, he touches the heart of a poem. His music exactly fits the words.

There is no excuse for our not knowing Grieg's great lyric creations—for example, those of the cycle, *Haugtussa*. We now have a Flagstad who not only understands them but who can project them as they were intended, not as German lieder. And, after the tunes which have made him an early love of listeners, and the piquant harmonies and rhythms that have kept his name on the pianos of the world are forgotten, his little-known songs will remain. They may be only transplanted wild flowers of Norwegian folk-music, but the emotions they describe are universal.

—CARLETON SMITH

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PURITANS AND FRANCE

AN ANALYSIS OF THE AMERICAN SOUL IN REACTION TO THE FRENCH SPIRIT

ON FRENCH soil, every American will feel himself on foreign ground. These cafés, this love which does not hide the fact that it is often only the exchange of two whims, this sweet individualism, this marvelous excess of liberty, all this astonishes him and troubles his Puritan head. (There are indeed Americans who are not Puritans, but they are not really Americans and, in any case, it is not they who have made America.) Puritanism signifies first of all, severity. There was a time in the 16th century when France could have gone over entirely to Puritanism; history decided otherwise, though Puritan she has remained on certain points and in certain respects. But the American tourist does not know we possess these virtues familiar to him, and besides we are lacking in this deistical fanaticism, this fury of the proselyte, and finally this horror of sex and of pleasure which the Upright Man above all possesses.

In *Champions du Monde* I wondered if Americans can get accustomed to us: some fear us, others seek us out; I have thus shown the two reactions of the average American soul in regard to us. An American who begins by liking and understanding France is so profoundly upset that he is constrained to settle himself there forever. He is lost to his native land; the individual has vanquished the species; the joy of living has killed the Puritan. Others defend themselves, feeling the danger, force back these tendencies they think contrary to duty, shut themselves away, stiffen up, and become our irreducible enemies. That is what explains the antipathy which the Anglo-Saxon world shows us, a Snowden for example, certain English Labor leaders, or many American senators.

To force men violently to take sides is the risk and the pride of France. She proposes a solution to the great problems of the world, the most difficult, the most delicate, the most hateful to fanatics, prophets, poets: the middle way. An atmosphere of wisdom is unbreathable to one who does not understand his own limitations. Today the middle way is no longer the fashion. Will it be tomorrow? Undoubtedly, for a pendulum passes the center twice as often as it reaches its extremities.

—PAUL MORAND

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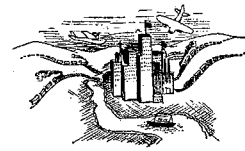
CITY AT THE CROSSROADS

AMERICA GOT A BARGAIN WHEN FRANCE SOLD ST. LOUIS FOR FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS



On the map the Mississippi River is a slim tree raising its gnarled trunk from the Gulf of Mexico up to its source somewhere in Minnesota. Midway up the trunk the Ohio branches off imperiously to the east. Still higher up the Missouri swings away, westward into the plains. Below the mouth of the Missouri a fur depot was founded in February, 1764, by Pierre Laclede Liguest, a French trader from New Orleans. The depot was named St. Louis.

Pierre Laclede Liguest went up the Mississippi to locate a fur depot. In the fall of 1763 he happened upon an ideal site. The following spring Auguste Chouteau, his lieutenant, cleared the trees and began to build shelters. The depot was named "Saint Louis" for Louis IX, called The Pious, the patron saint of Louis XV, then king of France.

The shuffling of the cards at the treaty-tables of Europe after the Seven Years' War affected life in the American possessions. In 1764 the lands east of the Mississippi went to England and the lands west of the Mississippi went to Spain. So that barely had St. Louis been founded than it belonged to another nation and the French colonists were left an unhappy people, stranded under an alien flag.

Little St. Louis suffered patriotically, if not materially, for trade with the Indians was good and a flatboat traffic down the river with New Orleans in flour, lead, tobacco and provisions developed early. And the French could take some comfort in the fact that their new rulers were not their old enemies, the English. The population of St. Louis was 700.

Wisely the Spaniards did not attempt to rule here with their customary vigor. In 1770, when they began to supervise as the real masters, they still left most matters in the hands of the colonists. Immigration was encouraged and in 1799 the population had grown to 925. In all of Upper Louisiana there were only 6,028 persons.

★ ★ ★

The Louisiana Territory belonged to Spain until Napoleon overran the Iberian Peninsula and took the title back to France. Then the territory was offered to the United States, which finally purchased it in 1803 for $15,000,000. When Captain Amos Stod-

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dard, the first governor of the District of Louisiana, took formal possession in the name of the United States Government on March 9, 1804, there were 180 houses in St. Louis, and 1100 persons.

In 1805 Congress changed the name of the District of Louisiana to the Territory of Louisiana and General James Wilkinson was appointed Governor. In that year Aaron Burr paid a visit. Down the river went the word that he was planning (1) a revolution, (2) the conquest of Mexico, (3) a private empire. Whatever he did have in mind his escapade was cut short by Jefferson's vigilance and Burr went back east to stand trial for treason.

French was the language of the town and the majority of the population was French but the necessities of the law courts soon brought an American Code to supplant the French law. Imprisonment for debt was authorized, the whipping post was employed, and there were slaves. But in accordance with the desires of the Americans, a Bill of Rights was adopted.

In 1808 a weekly newspaper called the *Missouri Gazette* appeared. An English school was opened. A post office was established, although postage stamps did not come into use for nearly forty years. Butter sold for twenty cents a pound, while sugar and coffee fetched two dollars a pound. But liquor was fairly cheap. In 1809, when the population was about 1200, the town of St. Louis was incorporated.

In the last week of 1811 occurred the earthquake at New Madrid, but fortunately St. Louis sustained no damage. The following year the State of Louisiana was admitted to the Union and the name of the region up the river was changed to the Territory of Missouri. A bank was incorporated. A brick house was erected. The population grew to 2000. In 1817 a public school system was inaugurated. The first steamboat to come to St. Louis drew up at the levee.

The sentiment of the people was now for statehood but, a great controversy raged across the continent: should Missouri be a slave state or a free state? The Missouri Compromise finally authorized the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave state if the territory so chose. And the people, Southern in sympathies, were pro-slavery. So Missouri entered as a slave state on August 10, 1821.

The following year St. Louis became a city. The population was 4800. A mayor and nine aldermen were elected to run the community. Slowly the city grew. The cholera epidemic of 1832 could not halt its growth; nor could the great fire of 1835. That last year an army major named Robert E. Lee removed the sandbars that were a menace to navigation on the riverfront. In June, 1844, a great flood overflowed the city and the valley, the water rising almost to the forty-two-foot stage of the flood of 1785.

★ ★ ★

The development of the Northwest, the war with Mexico and the discovery

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of gold helped the commerce of the city. In 1842 bathtubs with running water were introduced here, the first on the continent. The music-loving immigrants of German extraction organized a string orchestra. The lighting of streets by gas was begun.

In '49 another epidemic of cholera and a devastating fire that destroyed twenty-three steamboats and a number of city blocks. Then the revolutionary disturbances in Europe brought a new tide of German immigrants to St. Louis. A new era of prosperity began. Banks and churches multiplied. Railroads laid tracks through the city. Colleges and hospitals opened. In 1860 the population had grown to 160,773.

Missouri was a slave state and its population was largely Southern. (Before he went off to the war and a brilliant military career Ulysses S. Grant farmed a piece of land near the city.) There was considerable bitterness between the Secessionist and Unionist factions and many battles were fought on Missouri soil. Nevertheless the state remained loyal.

By 1870 the population had become 310,864. The lead mines near-by brought new wealth. So did the mines that gave up gold and iron, zinc, copper and silver. The coal fields of Illinois across the river offered a source of fuel for manufacturing purposes. The wheat and corn lands grew bountiful crops.

The last evidences of the trading-post were gone. St. Louis was a cosmopolitan city, its pulse quickened by industrial development. A bridge designed by Captain Eads in 1867 to span the Mississippi was finally completed in 1874. The steam railroads now made a great commercial center of the city, but they struck a severe blow at the river-boat trade. St. Louis became larger—and less picturesque. In 1880 there were 350,522 persons living here. It ranked sixth in size in the country and was second only to New York and Philadelphia in manufacturing.

With its importance came new problems. The state, legislating for the city, was of little help in the community. A movement for municipal home rule was finally begun to allow St. Louis to do things for itself. It was no longer a fur depot but a metropolis. The continued agitation finally brought victory. A new state constitution was drafted in 1875 and in it was included a provision guaranteeing home rule for St. Louis. The charter which the city adopted in 1876 to rule itself lasted until 1914, when an improved charter was passed. St. Louis was the first metropolis in the country to enjoy independence in local affairs of government.

Nevertheless it was in this city that a vicious ring of corrupt officeholders dominated the community before the turn of the century. The grafting members of the City Council called themselves "the Combine"—like the characters in an old melodrama—and took a solemn oath to stand together. Public Prosecutor Folk, elected in 1900, was

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the man who fought earnestly to expose the thieves. There were bosses who delivered votes for a price; to which side, Republican or Democratic, made no difference, and there was an indifferent citizenry. But when the community was aroused it did try to clean house. The charter of 1914 was an attempt to improve the municipal government. At least St. Louis tried—

★ ★ ★

In 1877 citizen posses helped to suppress the railroad strike; it was a year of labor strife nationally. The following year Joseph Pulitzer, destined to become one of the founders of modern blonde journalism, founded the *Post-Dispatch*. In '85 the first cable cars appeared. In '89 the first primary nominations for office were authorized. New hospitals were built, new schools, new churches. In '96 a severe tornado did great damage and took many lives.

The year before St. Louis held a world's fair to celebrate the Louisiana Purchase the Wrights, in another part of the country, made their first air flight. Nearly a quarter-century later that flight would affect the life of a St. Louisan and make the international headlines.

In 1910 the population was 687,029. Other cities had passed it in the number of persons residing within the community limits. But St. Louis had remained a neighborly city, fond of food and beer and music. Centrally located, it remained an important gateway city, a rival of Chicago and New Orleans, hub of a network of railroads and commercial interests. More important for its citizens, St. Louis was a home city. But not small-townish. It boasted the same sophistications that the large skyscraper-corrals had: an art museum on the crest of Art Hill in Forest Park; a municipal open-air theatre; and a municipal opera, established in 1919, and apart from the visiting grand opera companies.

The year 1927 was memorable. There was a great flood in the valley and in the fall a cyclone swept the city, but the year is remembered chiefly because young Charles Lindbergh flying the plane *Spirit of St. Louis* made the first successful New York to Paris air-flight. Lindbergh became a national hero and St. Louis whooped with joy over his success.

In recent years there have been droughts instead of floods and the depression brought the usual privation and unemployment. But the city is the gateway to a great St. Lawrence River-to-the-Gulf waterway system, which may conceivably become a commercial factor in the future.

It is also a great air center, threatening to leave Chicago behind in that respect. The population has grown to 835,000, which makes St. Louis seventh in rank in the United States, and promises to remain more or less stabilized at that figure. However, including the metropolitan area about the city, the population numbers nearly a million and a half. Centrally located, St. Louis sits like a jewel on the heart of the continent. —Louis Zara

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IN RESPONSE to "popular demand," Coronet has created a number of services-to-readers that are partly a measure of co-operation and partly a gesture of self-defense. The business department views all this with a jaundiced eye, but we consider it only fair, for the benefit of those who came in late, to itemize on this page some of the services that Coronet provides its readers.

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Amateur and professional photographers alike are always interested in what is being done elsewhere. They are also curious about how it is done. So, as far as possible, we compile technical data concerning the photographs reproduced in Coronet and forward it to those who request this information on specific photographs.

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If you wish to preserve your copies of Coronet in permanent book form, they may be sent to us for binding into volumes containing six copies each. The bound volumes are of reinforced green buckram with gold stamping, and the owner's name is stamped in gold on the cover without additional charge. The cost is $1.75 per volume of six copies each, and again, since this is a non-profit service, a remittance should accompany all orders.

Copies should be sent prepaid to Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Incidentally, if you specify that the shipment contains magazines the post office will allow you a cheaper rate.) The copies will be returned, by express collect, in the form of bound volumes about three weeks after receipt. Missing issues can be supplied or damaged issues replaced at 35c each, with the exception of the first issue (November, 1936) and the third issue (January, 1937).

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Complete indexes for each volume (six issues) of Coronet will be sent free to subscribers upon request. Indexes will also be bound in with volumes of Coronet when those ordering bound volumes ask that this be done.

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M. Teriade's interesting letter describing the contents of the second issue of VERVE, from which we quoted on this page last month, has been reprinted in its entirety in booklet form. Mention of it here may be introducing a "ringer" in the list of services, but if you want to get a line on the magnificent new issue of VERVE—and you're missing a bet if you don't—that shouldn't stop you from writing in for the booklet. Those who wish to dispense with preliminaries will find VERVE on sale at their newsstands at $2.50 per copy or may secure copies at that price from Esquire-Coronet, Inc.

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CORONET

for

MAY

1938

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